No. 1858—Vol. 72

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

January 2, 1897

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of London, by Henry James Taylor, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, aforesaid.

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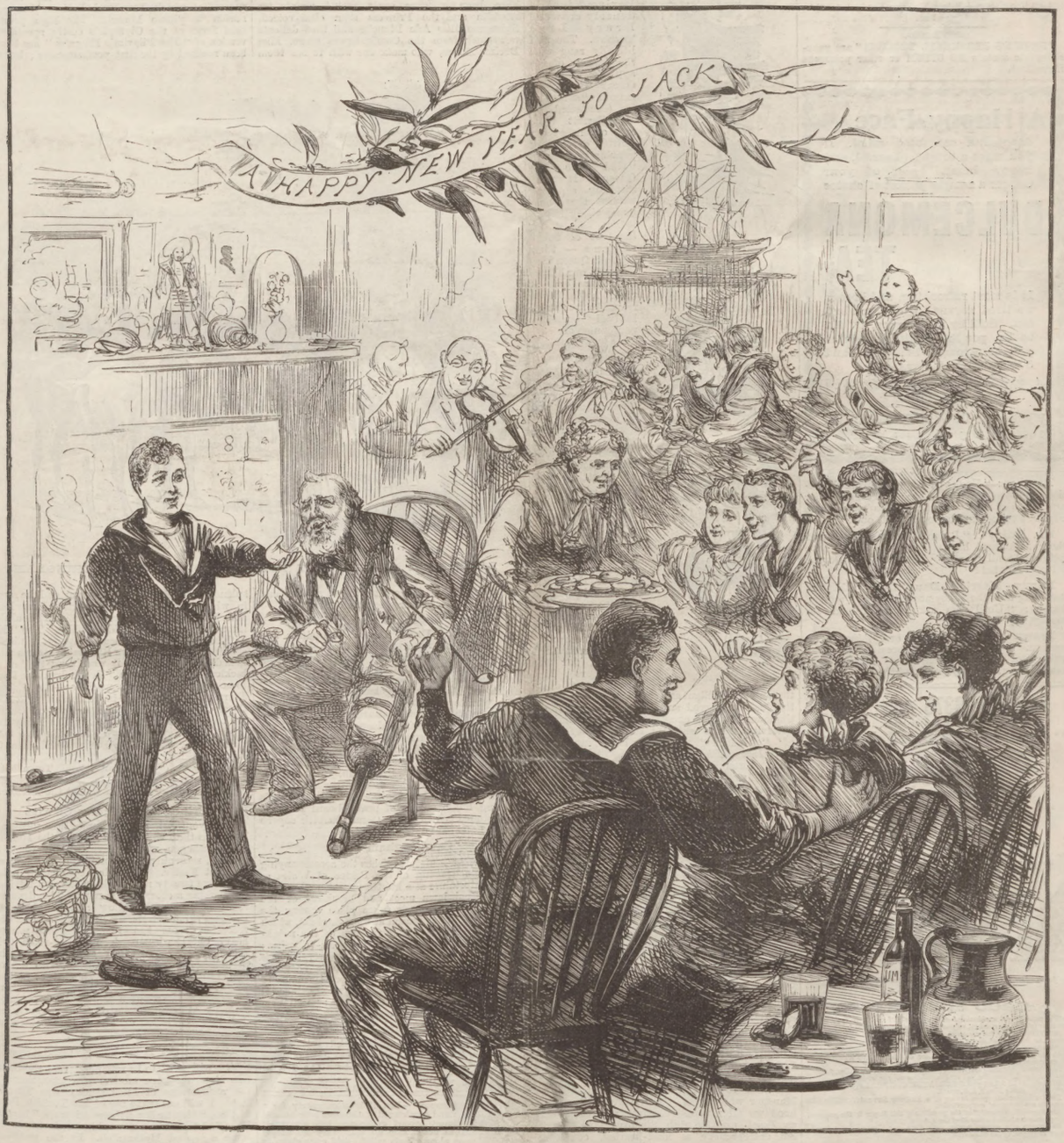
GEORGE R. SIMS TELLS THE STORY OF "MARGARET LORRIMER" ON PAGE 4.



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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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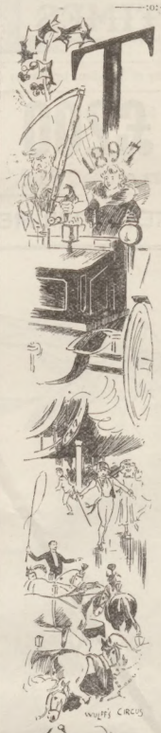
Talk of London.



THE NEW YEAR, which we all trust will be made memorable by the happy and festive completion of the Sixtieth Year of Her Majesty's glorious reign, sees London in particular exuberantly and right heartily loyal to "Victoria the Good." This loyalty found enthusiastic vent on Boxing Night in densely crowded Drury Lane Theatre. The roof literally rang with the fervour of the applause when Mr. Oscar Barrett's magnificent orchestra (conducted by Mr. Barrett himself) concluded the spirited overture of popular tunes with "God Save the Queen!" It was an inspiring sight to witness the whole house rising to pay loving homage to the best of Sovereigns — the gracious Queen who reigns in our hearts as well as over a united realm. With regard to the superlatively beautiful pantomime of

"Aladdin" at Drury Lane,

I am bound to say that none more charming, none more amusing, was produced even during the princely rule of the late Sir Augustus Harris. But that Past Master of theatrical and operatic organisation would certainly have seized the opportunity to present a splendid and elaborate and appropriate professional representation of the chief events and principal personages of Her Majesty's record reign. Still, without that crowning pageant (reserved, I believe, for the Alhambra), Mr. Oscar Barrett offers the public a brilliant and entertaining "annual," the justly deserved success of which was foreshadowed by the exceptionally well informed Interviewer who outlined the salient features of "Aladdin" in the last Number of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*. The Earl of Londesborough (present with his stage-loving family at Old Drury on Boxing Night) doubtless has a keen recollection of Mr. Oscar Barrett when he was the musical conductor at "the Eagle" in the paling days of the Grecian pantomimes, in which, by the way, Mr. Herbert Campbell, the Abanazar of the present "Aladdin," took a leading part. The renown Mr. Barrett has since gained by his poetical pantomimes, replete with charm and beauty, at the Crystal Palace, and later at the Lyceum (kindly lent by Sir Henry Irving), eminently qualified him to take the place of the great Manager whose loss in the flower of his manhood we all mourn—"Augustus Druriolanus," as *Punch* used to dub Sir Augustus Harris. An entrepreneur as kind-hearted, courteous, and considerate as he is skilful—every member of all his companies speaks well of him—Mr. Oscar Barrett worked his hardest, ably seconded by Mr. Arthur Collins, to secure the triumph of "Aladdin," which engrossed and delighted alike Lady De Grey and other distinguished personages in the stalls and the vociferous "gods" up aloft. Beauty, fun, and refinement! Those are the prominent qualities of "Aladdin." Quite worthy the Royal Opera at Covent Garden were the

MR. OSCAR BARRETT.

Bewitching Wooing Scenes of Miss Ada Blanche (Aladdin) and Miss Decima Moore (the Princess),

and reminiscent, indeed, of the balcony and garden tableaux in "Romeo and Juliette" and "Faust," the musical accompaniments being sweetly harmonious.

Dan Leno

has never been funnier. The audience roared with laughter at his merry pranks as the gay and rollicking Widow Twankay — at his droll entertainment of bluff Abanazar, Herbert Campbell, at his "Bourgeois Gentilhomme"-like goings-on when he becomes so rich as to be able to ladle out gold pieces by the shovelful from a scuttle. Needless to say, Herbert Campbell's singing of "Now we shan't be long" (which provides the catchword of the moment) evoked fresh mirth. There couldn't have been a more aptly mated couple for Aladdin and the Princess than clear-voiced, lightsome Miss Ada Blanche and that delicate newcomer from the Comic Opera stage, Miss Decima Moore, who make one wish to see them again and again. Long after the Christmas and New Year festivities are forgotten will the

Lovely Pageants of "Aladdin"

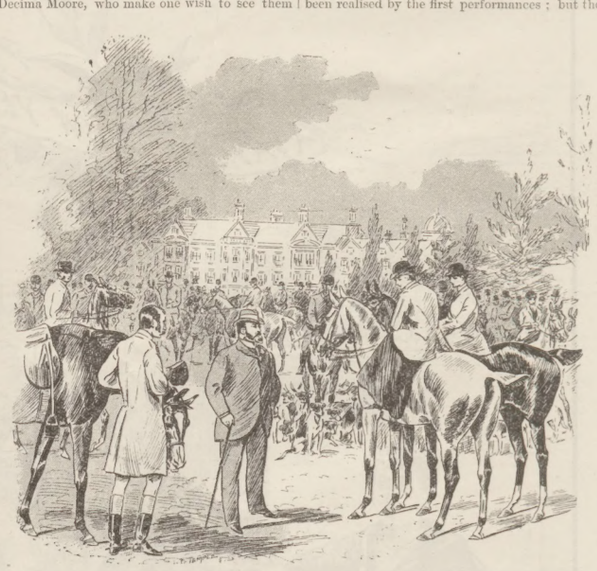
draw hosts to Drury Lane. The silver and golden ballets in Aladdin's Cave—magically produced by his wonderful lamp—are glowing yet refined spectacles that never tire the eyes, and are crowned by the fairy-like aerial flights of Madame Grigolati's troupe. Bound to captivate for many and many a night to come are the similarly alluring processions and dances in the exquisite Palace of Ivory and Gold; while the transformation, "The Home of the Lotus," is yet another masterpiece. Bright little Clara Jecks and the merry Griffiths Brothers add to the comicality of "Aladdin," the Harlequinade of which yields fresh diversion, thanks to the clever Brothers Hulme. In short, there's nothing but a chorus of praise heard from all fair-minded critics of Mr. Oscar Barrett's superb Drury Lane pantomime.

Sandringham Meet.

A sporting Artist furnishes the accompanying seasonable drawing of the Prince of Wales as prime entertainer at a hunting meet, and says—"The usual lawn meet and breakfast of the West Norfolk Hounds takes place during the Christmas holiday season at Sandringham, which the hunting gentry and farmers of the neighbourhood turn up in large numbers to enjoy; and this they cannot fail to do, for everything is done so well at our genial Prince's beautiful country home that every stranger is made to feel quite at home. Indeed, the Prince is rightly regarded as a model host as well as a just and generous and most considerate master."

The Dramatic Novelties,

apart from pantomime, are limned, together with "Aladdin," on another page. The most popular is to be found at the Adelphi, where the revival of Douglas Jerrold's moving sailor-drama of "Black-Eyed Susan," resplendently and picturesquely mounted in the most liberal fashion by the Brothers Gatti, should revive the fortunes of a theatre too long closed. To my mind, Miss Millward has never acted so pathetically and with such emotional power and artistic effect as she does in the tear-drawing scene in which Susan bids farewell to William on the eve (as she and he feel sure it is) of his execution. And Mr. William Terriss could surely be equalled by no other living actor as William. A sailor himself at the commencement of his career, Mr. Terriss is naturally enabled to portray to the life the breezy, brave Jack Tar whom we all love. He lifts the play the moment he appears with his home-coming, lass-loving comrades. He dances a hornpipe in fine style; sings a good song; fells amorous Captain Crosstree with true Bluejacket vigour; and bears himself right manfully before the court-martial. "All London" will crowd to the Adelphi to admire or cry over "Black-Eyed Susan." Mr. Harry Nicholls doesn't score so much in this salt-sea drama as in "All that Glitters is not Gold," in which old-fashioned piece he moves you to laughter as blunt-speeched Toby Twinkle. The Duke and Duchess of Fife and Sir Allen Young were among the most interested members of the audience on the first night of "Black-Eyed Susan's" revival, upon the marked success of which Mr. Fred Latham has good reason to plume himself. The high promise held forth of the Olympic's costly spectacular version of "The Pilgrim's Progress" has hardly been realised by the first performances; but the splendour of the elaborate tableaux and the scenes in which Miss Grace Hawthorne, Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer shine will doubtless interest many of the holiday public. The "Key to King Solomon's Mines Company, Limited," should make an effective Rhodesian drama when licked into shape; but it wasn't a "go" at the luckless Opéra Comique. Better dramatic fare is to be found at Terry's matinées—Mr. Edward Terry prefacing "Love in Idleness" with Mrs. Oscar Beringer's neat adaptation of Charles Dickens's Christmas story of "The Holly Tree Inn." Miss Fanny Brough's capital acting is the making of "The Eider-Down Quilt," in the evening bill at Terry's. To-night, the new musical farce of "A Man About Town" (*not* written by the Dwarf of Blood, though he has a right to the title, surely) is due at the Avenue.



LAWN MEET OF THE WEST NORFOLK HOUNDS AT SANDRINGHAM.

Prince and Princess Charles

The youthful royal couple are pleasantly lodged in the Palace of the King of the Hellenes at Copenhagen, where they will stay for three months, returning to Appleton, near Sandringham, at Easter. In their Copenhagen palace they have twenty rooms, all on the ground floor, overlooking a charming garden. The drawing-room is gay with yellow silk hangings, the Princess's boudoir being light blue. The chief reception-room has Venetian glass mirrors, heavy but handsome. The dining-room (with accommodation for thirty guests) is furnished in polished oak and dark leather, with a magnificent carved sideboard of an antique pattern. The Prince's "study" is decorated in grey tones. My information is from a Copenhagen resident who has seen the apartments, and describes the happy couple as being extremely comfortable in the Danish capital.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

Few will need to be reminded that the Grand Old Man was born on Dec. 29, 1809, therefore the anniversary of his birthday was Tuesday last. I will not make use of the Turkish Benediction, "May he live a thousand years," because Mr. Gladstone himself would not desire to become a second Methusaleh. In the good old English fashion, befitting the statesman and the

"A GREAT COMFORT."—Yes, it is often misery for a person to cough and cough until it distresses both himself and friends almost beyond endurance, but KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES would stop all that; they are simply unrivalled; one alone affords relief. Sold everywhere in tins, 13½d. each.—[ADVT.]

man, let me rather wish him all happiness during the remainder of a life as honourable to himself as to his country.

Sir Arthur Sullivan,

our popular native composer, has been staying at the Hôtel des Anglais, Nice, and he has had very stormy weather, in common with the other Riviera residents. When kept indoors, Sir Arthur has worked at the music of his new Victorian Alhambra ballet, which he has promised shall be ready by the first week in March.

Lord Leighton's "Cimabue."

This famous picture, which mainly helped to make the late President of the Royal Academy celebrated, was purchased from the Academy Exhibition by Prince Albert as a present for the Queen. It now hangs in the Promenade Gallery, Buckingham Palace, but after it is exhibited among Lord Leighton's works her Majesty intends to transfer the picture to Osborne.

The Duke of Rutland,

who reached his seventy-eighth birthday a few days since, stands almost alone as a Cabinet Minister, having sat seven times between 1852 and 1892. During those forty years the Duke (better known as Lord John Manners) was three times under Lord Derby, twice under Earl Beaconsfield, and twice under Lord Salisbury. Readers of Lord Beaconsfield's or Benjamin Disraeli's novels will find an amusing portrait of the Duke in "Coningsby."

The Egyptian Hall—

not Mr. Maskelyne's pleasant home of "Magic and Mystery" in Piccadilly, but the grand hall of the Mansion House—has been greatly changed for the better. It has been dingy and smoke-stained for many a year; but the skilful London decorators who have been at work there have quite transformed it. The Lord and Lady Mayoress have taken possession, although the workmen have barely finished their labours. His Lordship (from whom much is confidently expected in the way of civic hospitality this year) has expressed much satisfaction at the handsome transformation.

A Marine and Naval Exhibition,

under the patronage of the popular Duke of York, will be held this spring at the Imperial Institute. For the information of yachtsmen I may state that accommodation will be made for them, and the show will, from what I have heard already, be quite worthy of the Institute, of those who projected it, and of the record reign which it will aid in celebrating. Sir A. Jephson will make an admirable secretary: he did so well at the Chelsea Naval Exhibition.

Pantom'me Topical Songs.

I have heard some complaints this Christmas against the Censor. But Mr. Redford cannot please everybody. He has been striking out from pantomime songs and dialogue every allusion to the Armenians and the "Great Assassin." But at this time of year it would be a mistake to rake up such grievances. Pantomimes are for children, and for those children of a larger growth who once a year, at least, wish to throw off the burden of worldly cares. Besides, there are contrary opinions on every subject under the sun; and at holiday time one does not crave for political and international discussions at the theatre.

The London Water Companies.

It has leaked out (appropriate, this, in a water question) that the Government intends next Session to leave the water supply of London severely alone. They had better do so than adopt a piecemeal policy. But the consumers and the companies have been at loggerheads for years; and Ministers may be compelled to enter into the quarrel. We may put up with paying exorbitant rates for driblets of water while the Metropolis continues so healthy, but the City's

salubrity depends largely upon the purity and liberality of the water supply. At any rate, it is a scandal that so vast a Metropolis should be worse off than an average Midland town or a small city in Scotland. Grace in a large measure to the acumen, public spirit, and hard work of

The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain,

Birmingham boasts a civic water supply, and a gas supply, too, into the bargain, which London may well envy. The difficulty is—How can London secure an adequate water supply under its own control without increasing the cruelly unjust amount of taxation under which ratepayers groan? The only satisfactory way would be by a trenchant cutting down of the monstrous extravagances which the London County Council and London School Board have both indulged in to a shameful and most reprehensible extent—to an extent which the Imperial Parliament should firmly prohibit for the future—so as to save a sufficient number of thousands per annum to pay for the interest a loan of the necessary millions from the Government would cost.

"Jack Ashore"

has considerably enlivened London streets during the damp days of Christmas, thanks to Mr. Goschen's considerate action in giving a number of our gallant Bluejackets leave for the holidays. "We all love Jack," as the wee sailor lad sang at the jovial Bluejackets' party a *P.I.P.* Artist delineates. But the Sailor's Friend, Miss Weston, reminds us seasonably that Poor Jack sometimes needs a ready helping hand, such as he himself is ever willing to offer to another in distress. This benevolent lady writes—

Helped by Miss Wintz, I have erected the magnificent piles of buildings at Portsmouth and Devonport, called "Sailors' Rests," recently honoured, by Her Majesty's special command, with the title of "Royal Sailors' Rests." These buildings have cost the sum of £80,000, and can make up beds and "shakedowns" for one thousand Bluejackets nightly. The success of these homes has been phenomenal. From the first Jack took kindly to them, and "brought up" at these safe moorings. Some 150,000 sleepers have been accommodated during the year, and the numbers are constantly increasing. Help, which is urgently needed, should be sent to Miss Agnes Weston, Royal Sailors' Rest, Devonport.

The Poor Widows and Fatherless Orphans of Town

have, happily, come in for a goodly share of merciful relief during this season of bounty and goodwill. A notable instance of this was the liberal distribution by Mr. John Pearce (of cheap restaurant fame) on Christmas Eve at 85, Farringdon Street, to a hundred deserving widows with young families. It was a scene to make your hearts rejoice — that which a *P.I.P.* Artist sketched. After a stirring address from Mr. George Nokes, and a few homely words from Mr. Pearce himself, to each claimant was handed 4 lb. of beef, 6 lb. of potatoes, a 4 lb. loaf, ½ lb. tea, a pound of loaf sugar, ½ lb. butter, a packet of Fry's Cocoa, the ingredients for an appetising plum-pudding, a new shilling, and 1 cwt. of coals (delivered at the dwelling). With such open-handed charity prevailing, good reason have I to wish you sincerely, one and all, "A Happy New Year," and to hope that the wish may be realised.

THE PROMPTER.

SONNET—THE NEW YEAR.

In ancient days Philosopher and Priest,
Seeing the old year vanishing like foam
In Time's deep ocean, hoped it had increased
The happiness of men; but Greece and Rome,
And other wrecks of empires which remain,
But prove how oft such dreams have been in vain.
Yet still we crave the coming year may kindle
Such lights of wisdom o'er the darkened earth
That error, ignorance, and vice may dwindle
In presence of a glorious new birth
Of human brotherhood, justice, and peace,
In which the feud of Rich and Poor may cease;
Each doing something for the good of all
To banish human woes beyond recall.—J. VEREY.

Boys of the Period are lucky to have so bright and healthy a penny weekly periodical as *Chums*, the production of the great firm of Cassell and Co., whose stirring "Battles of the Nineteenth Century" and "Story of the Sea" are also deservedly in high favour with the young, and are, indeed, rousing patriotic records for readers of all ages. Sir George Newnes, M.P., has added to his list a very spirited and wonderfully cheap halfpenny weekly for lads—*British Boys*, already a great favourite.

Captain Moore, C.M.G., A.D.C. (Her Majesty's ship *Britannia*), and the Rev. J. H. J. Ellison, M.A., Vicar of Windsor, had the honour of dining with Her Majesty and the royal family at Osborne last Sunday.

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., London. A reputation of fifty years.—MGR. HY. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

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A NEW YEAR'S PRESENT

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OWING TO THE GREAT DEMAND FOR THESE PICTURES, arrangements have been made with the National Art Society to renew their offer of presenting to each reader of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, SIX Magnificent Engravings as detailed below:

1. THE SHEPHERD OF JERUSALEM. After P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A.
Size 22 by 35 in. Published at One Guinea.
"The Shepherd of Jerusalem," by P. R. Morris, A.R.A., represents the summit of Calvary after the Crucifixion. The Shepherd, whilst tending his flock, is gazing at the Cross on which our Saviour suffered, and is reading the superscription of Pilate.

2. THE GOOD SHEPHERD. After W. C. T. DOBSON, R.A.
Size 22 by 35 in. Published at One Guinea.
"The Good Shepherd," by W. C. T. Dobson, the celebrated Royal Academician. It represents our Saviour clad in the simple garbof a shepherd, leading back to the distant fold those sheep that have strayed, illustrating the well-known passage, "I am the Good Shepherd, and know My Sheep, and am known of Mine."
The retail price of the above is One Guinea each, and until the National Art Society was established they had never been published under that price. These magnificent works of art were recently presented to the subscribers of *Great Thoughts*, and hundreds of subscribers have written their thanks for them.

3. LA MADONNA DEI ANSIDEI. After RAPHAEL.
Size 22 by 35 in. Latest Auction Price Three Guineas.
£70,000 was paid by the Nation for this Unique Picture—more than three times the largest price ever paid for a single picture.
It represents the Virgin Mary and Child, attended by St. John the Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari.

4. THE SANCTUARY. After LANDSEER.
Size, 20 by 37½ in. wide. Published at One Guinea.
"The sanctuary" represents a hunted stag, just landing on a solitary island, tenanted only by wild fowl.

5. THE CHALLENGE. After LANDSEER.
Size, 20 by 37½ in. wide. Published at One Guinea.
"The Challenge," being the same size as "The Sanctuary," is an admirable companion to it. The distant mountains, covered with snow, the dreary aspect of the island, the glittering stars, and the cold and dark appearance of the loch, are suggestive of distant Arctic regions. A stag on the bank is snorting forth a challenge to an enemy seen swimming across the loch.

6. THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN. After LANDSEER.
Size, 35 by 24 in. wide. Published at One Guinea.
"The Monarch of the Glen" forms a fine centrepiece to the pair, and thus completes the set of Sir Edwin Landseer's three most beautiful conceptions. It represents a magnificent antlered stag in veritable monarch of his race), standing knee-deep on a gorse-clad hill surrounded by mountains, and surveying the subjects of his realm. Recently the original picture was sold by auction by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Co., and realised £10,000.

These Magnificent Engravings will be sent to all readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* who cut out the Coupon found below and forward it with **10s. Postal Order** to the National Art Society, 10, Lancaster Place, Strand, London, W.C., as soon as possible: **any three for 5s.;** or any single Engraving will be sent **for 2s. 6d.;** to cover the cost of copyright charges, packing, case, and other expenses.
Applications must be made immediately to the National Art Society. Some few days may elapse before orders can be executed, but all orders will be attended to in rotation as received. It is particularly advisable in this case to make application at once, as the first copies of these works will be found to be of exceptional merit.

"THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER" NEW YEAR'S COUPON.
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1. THE SHEPHERD of JERUSALEM	4. THE SANCTUARY
2. THE GOOD SHEPHERD	5. THE CHALLENGE
3. LA MADONNA DEI ANSIDEI	6. THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN

N.B.—As there will be sufficient copies of these first issued Engravings for a few weeks it has been decided to place no limit of time when this Voucher may be sent in, except that it is understood that when the copies run short the National Art Society reserve the right to charge double the amount, or to return the applicant's Postal Order in full.

The above Coupon is printed in redemption of the promise to readers that they shall have the earliest opportunity of securing the first impressions of these beautiful prints.
No copy will be sent without the Order Form, and readers may, if they live in London, call for the Engravings. The Engravings will be sent securely packed in STOUT CASES, and they will arrive in perfect order for framing.

SUBURBAN CYCLIST POSTMAN.

JACK ASHORE.

"P.I.P." SNAP-SHOTS.

NEW YEAR STORIES

FOR THE

"P. I. P."

THE Editor has much pleasure in publishing the First of the Series of New Romancettes for 1897. It is by that clever dramatist and popular writer of short stories, "DAGONET":

GEORGE R. SIMS,

and is entitled—

MARGARET LORRIMER.

It is an engrossing tale of an Englishman's Adventures in France and in the Channel Islands, about which favourite holiday resorts "Dagonet" has already written so amusingly.

The SECOND STORY, to appear Next Week, is by that Popular Writer,

ADELINE SERGEANT,

and is entitled—

DELILAH.

*** Readers are particularly requested to arrange with their local newsagents, or with the managers at Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's or Messrs. Willing's Railway Bookstalls, to supply *The Penny Illustrated Paper* every Friday morning all the year round. It is very gratifying and encouraging to receive so many eulogistic letters from all parts of the world, and to know that *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is a welcome guest throughout the Queen's realm in this memorable year of Her Majesty's glorious reign. It is for our faithful friends by recommending all their friends to subscribe likewise to *The Penny Illustrated Paper* to add in 1897 even to our present enormous sale.

COMPLETE LIST OF OUR NEW ROMANCETTES.

1.—MARGARET LORRIMER. By GEORGE R. SIMS.
2.—DELILAH. By ADELINE SERGEANT.
3.—MRS. PONSONBY'S DREAM. By B. M. CROKER.
4.—THE DEUTEROGAMIST. By Professor F. H. WILLIAMS.
5.—AN OLD BLOCKADE RUNNER. By ALEXANDER G. PEARSON.
6.—COMRADES IN ARMS. By FLORENCE MARRYAT.
7.—VIRTUOSO'S VIOLIN. By ALETHEA PHILLIPS.
8.—WAS SHE RIGHT? By JUSTIN MCCARTHY.
9.—SIR GERALD'S EXPERIMENT. By MINNIE HERBERT.
10.—A DOCKER'S WIFE. By HUME NISBET.
11.—A VETERAN OF THE "SECESH." By CLAUD BRAY.
12.—PUT TO THE TEST. By CLARA MULHOLLAND.
13.—MRS. VANSITTART'S TRAVELLING COMPANION. By L. GALBRAITH.
14.—THE PARSON'S STORY. By DARLEY DALE.
15.—THE SHEIK'S REVENGE. By C. Y. HARGREAVES.
16.—STEPHEN WYNTHORPE'S PRESENTIMENT. By "RITA."
17.—PICK AXE OF PEARDS. By KATE A. SIMPSON.
18.—A GHASTLY FIND. By Mrs. GEORGE CORBETT.
19.—THE PRISONER. By L. E. TIDDEMAN.
20.—TRANSPLANTED. By FRANCES E. ASHWELL.
21.—A HIT AND A MISS. By JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.
22.—THE GREY LADY. By Mrs. BROWN PATERSON.
23.—AND THE WORLD SAID. By J. FOSTER FRASER.
24.—A SEA TRAGEDY. By AMY MONTAGUE.
25.—A STRANGE NIGHT. By L. G. MOBERLEY.
26.—A BREATH OF AIR. By Mrs. L. B. WALFORD.

Margaret Lorrimer

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Tales of To-day," "Lights o' London," "How the Poor Live," "Dramas of Life," etc.

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I HAD arrived in St. Malo at midnight from Avranches, and the boat for Jersey left at five o'clock in the morning. It was a bitterly cold night in February, and I had been almost frozen during the tedious journey. When I got to the hotel I sat down by the fire which I had ordered to be lighted in my bedroom to rest for a few minutes before undressing, and fell fast asleep in the armchair. At four o'clock the "Boots" rapped at the door, and I awoke with a start and shivering, for the fire had gone out. However, I managed to get some hot water and to wash, and at 4.30 I was on my way to the quay, stumbling through the narrow dark streets of the quaint old port with my dressing-bag in my hand. I had left my heavy luggage in the hall on my arrival, and it had been sent on board the boat for me.

There was hardly a soul about as yet, and I began to grow nervous of losing my way and getting to the wrong part of the quay. Just as I turned into a narrow street I noticed a man and woman ahead of me. The man was carrying a small portmanteau, and I made up my mind the couple were tourists, bound like myself for the Jersey packet. I would keep them in sight and I should be all right.

Suddenly, to my astonishment, I saw the figure of the woman fall, and the man walk rapidly away. I ran towards the woman who had fallen. It was so dark that it was impossible for me to see what she was like.

"Are you hurt?" I said. Receiving no reply, I concluded the man had struck her senseless. At that moment I heard the ringing of a steamer bell, and I knew it must be the signal of the Jersey packet's departure. It was necessary that I should catch it, for I had letters of the utmost importance waiting for me in Jersey. I hesitated for a moment, then I determined to hurry on and tell the first person I met that a woman had been knocked down and left in the street.

When I got to the quay I found I was late; they were just dragging in the gangway. I shouted and ran forward, and sprang on to the boat. I missed my footing and fell heavily on the deck, striking my forehead with terrific force against the edge of one of the seats.

When I came to myself I was lying in a cabin—the captain's, as I afterwards discovered. There was a murmur of voices. For a time I was so confused that I could distinguish nothing that they said. Presently things began to arrange themselves in my brain, and I remembered the accident. The boat was lying quite still; we were evidently alongside at St. Helier's.

I raised myself from the couch on which I was lying and looked about me. The captain, steward, and a policeman were standing by my side watching me.

"I'm all right now," I stammered. "I think I can get ashore."

The men looked at each other, and the policeman said quietly, "All right, Sir. Take my arm."

I thanked the man, and asked the steward to see after my luggage and my handbag for me, and then, gripping the friendly arm of the constable, I walked up the steps and on to the deck. When I got ashore the policeman said I 'd better get into a fly, and I was very glad to do so, for my legs were giving way under me, and I felt terribly weak and "swimmy."

"I'm going to the Bath Hotel," I said.

"All right, Sir—they 'll send your luggage up after you—that 'll be all right."

He got in and sat down beside me, nodded his head to the driver, and away we went. The light hurt my eyes, and I closed them, feeling as if I were going to faint. Presently the fly stopped. I opened my eyes, and looked about me.

"This is not the hotel!" I said, looking at the building in front of which we had stopped.

"No; but we 're going here first," said the policeman, and he put his arm through mine and helped me out, and conducted me slowly into the building. Confused as I was, my mind was clear enough to recognise my surroundings and the uniform of a Superintendent of Police.

"What have you brought me here for?" I gasped.

The Superintendent looked at me quietly for a moment, then he said solemnly—

"You can say anything you like or remain silent, but you have been arrested in consequence of a telegram received from the French police at St. Malo, and you will be detained here until a French officer arrives."

"Good heavens, man," I exclaimed, "what for?—what have I done?" Then suddenly I remembered the woman I had seen knocked down. That must be the meaning of my detention. But there was no one in the street. How did they know that I was a witness of the deed?

I began to tell my story at once. I explained how, hurrying to catch the boat, I had not had time to give the information, and the accident I had met with had prevented me saying anything after I got on board.

"Quite so," said the Superintendent, "I have no doubt you will be able to explain everything satisfactorily; but in the meantime you must stay here."

At that moment the captain and the steward of the vessel came in, and the captain proceeded to give the Superintendent some particulars which astonished me.

"He leaped on board the boat just as we were starting," said the captain, "and struck his head. He was carried down into my cabin, and the steward who went to attend to him found his waistcoat and jacket wet with blood. Yet his head was not cut by the fall, only bruised, and he had no wound of any kind about him."

"Blood!" I exclaimed. "Good heavens! Then the woman must have been stabbed, and when I knelt down by her I must have got the blood on me. It was pitch dark, and I could see nothing. But it is absurd to detain me. My name is Frank Masters, and I shall stay at the Bath Hotel; the French officials can come to me there."

The Superintendent shook his head. "The instructions telegraphed to me were to have the boat boarded, as the assailant of the woman was believed to have taken passage by her. My officer was informed by the captain of the condition of your clothing, and that is why I had you brought here. According to your own account you are fully aware of the crime, and so I cannot let you go. You shall be kept in my private room and every attention paid to you until there is a formal charge, and I will ask the police-surgeon to attend to you at once."

* * * * *

The next mail brought a police officer from St. Malo. He had a long interview with the Superintendent—most of my information of what happened only came to me later on—and then he came in to see me. As I spoke French fairly well, I immediately addressed him in his native language, and assured him that there were plenty of people in London who would prove my identity, and then, growing as indignant as my still "groggy" condition would allow, I declared that I should hold the authorities responsible for this outrage on a peaceable citizen. One relief I found from the French officer's "latest information." The unfortunate woman was not dead. She had been taken to the hospital, but, up to the time the officer left, had not made any communication as to her assailant.

"What are you going to do with me?" I said. "The position is absurd. I am an innocent man. I never saw the woman before in my life, and I'm not going to be imprisoned here while you obtain papers which I suppose will be necessary before I, being an English subject, can be given up to the French authorities."

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. "Look here," I said; "there is a very short way out of the difficulty. I have explained how I got the blood on my clothes, which is the only evidence you have against me. Instead of keeping me here while legal formalities are gone through, let me go back with you to St. Malo to-morrow. Confront me with the woman, and she will tell you I am not the culprit."

This course, after a long consultation between the Jersey Superintendent and the St. Malo officer, was declared to be legal and practicable. I was to return not actually in custody, but under circumstances which would prevent me escaping.

The next day I felt considerably better, and when I stepped on board the boat, having been allowed to write my letters and despatch telegrams to my friends, I began to look upon the affair as rather an interesting adventure.

When we landed at St. Malo I was regarded with great curiosity by the people on the quay. To them I was the "assassin" returning to the scene of his crime. We entered a fiacre and drove at once to the hospital, where a Commissaire of Police was waiting to receive us and assist at the "confrontation."

I went into the ward where my supposed victim was lying, feeling convinced that my troubles were over.

I stepped up to the bedside, and the Commissaire, speaking in English, addressed the patient. "Madam, we have brought someone to see you. Will you say if this is the man who attacked you?"

The woman's face was towards the wall and away from us. As the Commissaire spoke she turned round with an effort, being evidently weak, and our eyes met. I gave a cry of astonishment and started back. A mad look of revenge, hatred, and triumph came into the wounded woman's face.

"Is this the man who stabbed you?" repeated the Commissaire slowly.

"Yes, that is the man."

Speechless with horror I remained rooted to the spot.

The woman whom I had seen attacked—the woman by whose side I had knelt in the darkness, the woman whose blood still stained my clothing — was the woman whom six years previously I had married.

"What is he to you, Madam—a stranger?" inquired the officer.

"No, he is my husband."

"Ah!" said the Commissaire, and half an hour afterwards I was safely under lock and key in a prison cell.

The position was a terrible one. I had no more deadly enemy in the world than this woman, who in her malice would not hesitate to seize the opportunity which fate had given her of having a fiendish revenge. Never was circumstantial evidence stronger against a man than this.

I was allowed to telegraph to London for my own solicitor, who arrived two days later, and after an interview with me proceeded to put my case to the authorities. He gave them a plain statement of facts.

Soon after I had been practically trapped into a marriage with this adventuress who, when I knew her, called herself Margaret Lorrimer, I discovered that she had a husband living in a Southern State of America—a young man who had committed some offence which made it impossible for him to return to England. This made her course with regard to me easy. She knew that under no circumstances would her husband allow himself to be drawn into any proceedings taken against her for bigamy. I thought of commencing proceedings for nullity of marriage, but there was the difficulty of getting the absent husband's evidence, and any amount of expense in the way. I determined to let the matter wait, and contented myself for the time being with requesting her to quit my roof and drop my name.

She went, declaring that she would be even with me, and I saw no more of her. Free, and having no desire to marry again, I hesitated to go through the unpleasantness of a public trial, and I let the fact that I had married a bigamous adventuress practically efface itself from my memory.

And now she had her chance of revenge. If she persisted in declaring that I was the man who had attempted to murder her I really did not see how, under the circumstances, I was to disprove it. I had been by her side as she lay bleeding on the pavement. The authorities would hardly believe that it was a mere coincidence, seeing that the woman was the wife I had turned out of doors.

And if she should die, after all! That was too horrible to think of. The bare idea of it almost drove me mad, for then——

* * * * *

The three weeks which intervened before Margaret Lorrimer — she called herself Margaret Masters in her depositions—was able to appear against me had not been wasted by my solicitor, but he had failed to find any trace of the woman having been at any hotel in St. Malo with the man who was, as she knew, the real criminal.

I was brought up and charged, and Margaret Lorrimer swore that I had met her that night as she was on her way to the steamer, she having arrived earlier in the day from Brittany, and that after a fierce quarrel between us, in which she had demanded money because I had stopped her allowance, I had stabbed her.

All my denials, all my counter charges against her, were in vain. The court regarded my case, I could see, as fully proved. But suddenly an officer came into court, and spoke to the Judge.

The next moment a witness, at the Judge's instance, stepped forward, and, in answer to interrogations, said that he was the proprietor of a pension at Quimper. He had read of the case in the papers. He had since recognised the woman. She had left his pension on the day preceding the crime with her husband, a M. Lorrimer. They had been living together there for the past month. They had seemed always to be quarrelling. They had taken the train for St. Malo together. The man at the time had with him a Mexican dagger. The landlord had seen it in his possession. The doctor had declared the woman had received a dagger wound.

The Judge's manner towards me altered after this statement. Eventually, after other evidence in my favour, I was acquitted.

I never heard of Margaret Lorrimer again. There was no proof of my guilt, but there was no actual proof of her perjury, and so she was not detained or prosecuted by the French police. What became of her husband I never heard, nor why he had returned to his wife and lived with her abroad. They had evidently quarrelled, and in a fit of passion he had stabbed her.

He probably got on the steamer just before I did, and, once safe in Jersey, made his way to Southampton and went abroad again.

If ever I want to marry again I shall. I am certain that Margaret Lorrimer is not likely to claim me for her husband a second time.

THE END.

"Willie, didn't I ask you to make less noise?"
"Yes, you did, Mamma."
"Well, I shall have to ask you again."
"Remember, Mamma, you told me it was impolite to ask for anything twice at the table."

Mrs. Faschons: "Is your family an old one, Mr. Millions?"
Christopher Millions: "Naw. I'm the first of me line;—me fawthaw 's in twade, ye know."

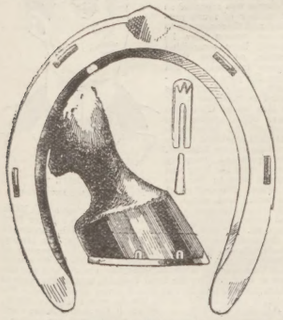
THE FOUNDER OF THE FAMILY.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Shoeing Horses.

O all my numberless readers in town and country I sincerely send the time-honoured wish of "A Happy New Year"—the desired Prosperity being, of course, included in the Happiness. The "Rural Life" notes are written with the sole object of increasing the welfare of the agricultural workers, the backbone of England. Lately the horse world has been exercising its mind about shoeing. There is no longer any need for horseshoe nails. The printed instructions sent out by the Nailless Horseshoe Company, and from which this Illustration is taken, make the operation



THE NAILLESS SHOE.

of shoeing a very simple one. As I have in a former note stated, the shoes are fastened on to the hoofs by means of four or six little clips and wedges. There is a rectangular slot for the clip to pass through, and it is then pressed into the hoof and there clinches itself fast. The wedge is then driven home between the forks of the clip, and the shoe is thus secured till it wears away.

Now I must beg of you not to inundate me with letters as to the address of the Nailless Horseshoe Company. You must ascertain that through the usual channels. Your local ironmonger, for instance, should be able to procure the shoes.

More about Collies.

I have had to hold over a query about Collies. First, let me ask every collie lover by all means to go to one of the dog shows that are now on and take a few notes and observations. Next let me say a word about colour in collies. A black, white, and tan dog is always, when fairly perfect other ways, a very handsome dog. Pure white, black and white, all sable, these colours would deter dogs from winning in good company unless their other points were really first-class. A good sable—medium to dark biscuit colour—with white feet, collar, and breast, is a winning colour always when other features correspond. A blue marble or mottled collie with white and tan markings is possible. As to a type, here is a head. It is of one of

A PERFECT HEAD.

the noted Ormskirk breed, and it shows a point many people are very keen but very ignorant about. I mean the ears. Those ears in this dog are simply perfect—so much so that few collie breeders can reproduce similar ones. And yet they give the type in collies an impression suggesting "erect." Now, as is well known, really prick-ears are to a collie judge at once a disqualifying point. But it is the semi-erect position breeders aim at, and therein lies the difficulty: not plenty of prick in the ears, but just enough of elevation to give a semi-pricked note of attention when the dog's attention is called on. Collies are very capital guards; but they should not be chained. They are most cleanly, are very gentle, affectionate, and playful, and, for a pet in the house, providing one gets a well-bred dog, I will guarantee that there is not another breed that every member of the family will so fully take to. As to strains of collies, any good dog that has the old Edgbaston Marvel, Metchley Wonder, Southport Perfection (a 1000 guinea dog), or kindred recognised blood in his veins, will show it.

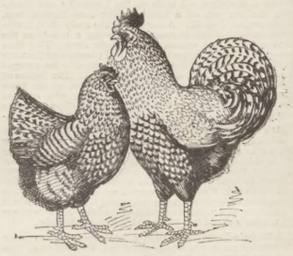
Seasonable Poultry.

There are two types of poultry that serve very well for the table this festive season. I mean the Langshan and the Plymouth Rock. The former is an Asiatic breed; the other one comes from America. The American bird is ahead of the Langshan in one definite point—that of colour; so I will give it the preference here.

As a large-bodied table-fowl, combining fairly good laying qualities, and as a good setter and mother, the Rock is bad to beat. It is not an extraordinary layer; it lays fairly well, and its eggs are of a good size. The white breed is the best for laying. The grey one suits best in dingy back yards, where it gets the minimum of light and pure air.

A Good Plymouth Rock

should have three toes in front of each foot, clean yellow legs, an evenly serrated, stout comb, and should be (if grey)



GREY PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

of an evenly marked light grey and dark grey on every feather. The colour runs in bars, and it is that that gives the "cuckoo" marked appearance. A red face and carlobes free from streaks are a good point. In breeding Plymouth Rocks for fancy and show, a great point is the mating. Dark hens will throw the best evenly marked chickens when mated with a light cock. But a light cock, if used, must be evenly marked if light. He must at all events be good in feather and hackle.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

(Continued each week in the P.I.P. To secure your weekly copy you should request your newsagent to supply the "P.I.P." regularly all the year round.)

MR. J. C. MERRYWEATHER ON RECENT FIRES IN ENGLISH MANSIONS, AND HOW TO PREVENT THEM.

(To the Editor of "The Penny Illustrated Paper.")

SIR,—Again I open my morning paper and find that another mansion fire has occurred, unfortunately with loss of life. I refer to the destruction of Mr. Mappin's fine Epsom House, Headley Park. Recently fires, causing more or less damage, have occurred at Sandringham, Blenheim Palace, Arundel Castle, Burton Hall, and other well-known mansions; and when it is remembered that many of these buildings are of historic interest and contain art-treasures and relics of bygone days which are priceless because they cannot be replaced, I think you will agree with me that their preservation from fire is a matter of national importance.

I would therefore ask a little space to call owners' attention to some structural defects to be found in many old houses, the remedying of which would go far towards preventing outbreaks of fire. These defects are mostly to be found in the flues and fireplaces, and are as follows: Hearths laid upon timber, fire-brick backs to grates crumbled or cracked, and allowing hot cinders to fall behind walls and on to woodwork; timber built into or even across flues, brickwork of chimneys adjacent to woodwork cracked or requiring repointing, skirting-boards carried too near firegrates, etc. An occasional inspection of the chimneys and firegrates would not be a serious labour; but from my own experience I can promise that proper attention given to the points I have mentioned would considerably reduce the number of mansion fires.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

J. C. MERRYWEATHER.

Author of "Fire Protection of Mansions."

63, Long Acre, W.C.

One Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards, he was accosted by an old woman, who said, "Oh, Sir, well do I like the day when you preach." The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and answered, "My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like it when I preach?" "Oh, Sir," she replied, "when you preach I always get a good seat!"

"My wife was to meet me here at this hour. Have you seen anything of her?"

"Is she a small woman with golden hair!"

"She is a small woman, but I don't know about the hair. She wasn't up when I left home this morning, and I don't know what hair she is wearing to-day."

AN UNCERTAIN FASHION FOR THE NEW YEAR.

CADBURY'S is a perfectly PURE COCOA, without alkali added, like many so-called "pure" cocoas. It has a world-wide reputation as a delicious, strengthening beverage, and a valuable nutritive food. Cocoa must be pure and unadulterated to insure the fullest beneficial effects. CADBURY'S is absolutely pure, therefore the best Cocoa. The *Lancet* says: "CADBURY'S represents the standard of highest purity at present attainable."—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Fashions.

WISHING you all a Happy New Year, I plunge at once into the newest fashions I have seen in London. Some pretty items form my subjects this week. Fig. 1 is a charming little toque of sable. It is made with the crown slightly folded, and the brim, if such it can be called, turned up. In the front it forms two open points, between which a couple of tails are fastened by a gold filigree brooch; while the left side is supplemented by a buckle and butterfly of gold filigree and osprey.

Cherry Colour is the Neat Dress sketched in Fig. 2. This is a demi-evening costume of black chiffon over

The New Year's Sable and Gold Toque.

black silk. The chiffon is very prettily drawn round the throat, forming a full ruff, and is very full from the neck downwards, the upper portion of the sleeves being also very fully drawn, though moderate in circumference. The

Demi-Evening Dress for Twelfth Night.

bodice is completed by a corselet and straps of cherry-coloured velvet embroidered with jet. The lower sleeves are velvet with black chiffon ruffles, and big cluster-bows of cherry ribbon velvet alight on shoulders and elbows.

In Fig. 3 I Have Sketched a Smart Suit, trimmed with fur, Russian sable collar and revers, and skirt-bordering. The fashionable scarlet costumes have nearly always a dark fur collar and cuffs, but the skirt is more frequently plain than bordered. Some are simply

The Newest Geranium Cloth Suit.

stitched. The white lace jabots worn over fur and every kind of coat and gown are features of the moment, as are the marabout fans of the old fan shapes.

CHESS.

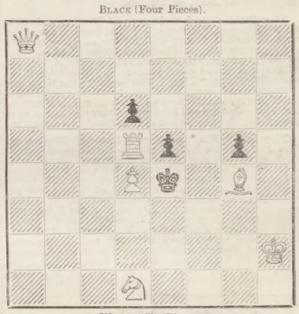
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 151.

1. B to Kt 6th	P to Q 5th
2. P to Q 3rd (ch)	K to Q 4th
3. Kt to K 7th. Mate.	

PROBLEM No. 152.—BY A. C. CHALLENGER.

BLACK (Four Pieces).



WHITE (Six Pieces).

White to play, and mate in two moves.

Game played in the match Surrey v. Kent, Dec. 12, on board No. 2, between Messrs. G. E. WAINWRIGHT and GRANTHAM WILLIAMS.

WHITE (Wainwright).	BLACK (Williams).	WHITE (Wainwright).	BLACK (Williams).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	14. K R to Q 1st	Q to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Q R to B 1st	Kt to Q 5th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt
4. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	17. Kt to Kt 5th	B takes P (ch)
P takes P may be played here.		If P takes Kt, B takes P (ch), followed by R takes B.	
5. B takes Kt	B takes B	18. Q takes B	P takes Kt
6. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q R 3rd	19. B takes P (ch)	K to B 1st
P to Q B 4th is better at this stage.		If B to Q 2nd, B takes B (ch), Q takes B P with a good game.	
7. B to Q 3rd	P to R 3rd	20. P to B 4th	P takes P
Black delays. P to Q B 4th was still available.		21. R takes P	Q to K 2nd
8. Castles	P to B 3rd	22. Q to Kt 6th	
This move does likewise impede development.		The winning move.	
9. P to K 5th	B to K 2nd	22.	P to Kt 3rd
10. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q B 4th	23. R to B 7th	Q to Kt 4th
Better late than never.		24. R takes P (ch)	R takes R
11. P takes P	B takes P	25. Q to B 7th (ch)	K to Kt 1st
12. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	If Q to K 2nd, then R to B 1st (ch) wins.	
B to K 2nd was preferable.		25. R to Q 8th (ch)	Q takes R
13. Q to K 2nd	Kt to B 3rd	27. Q takes Q (ch)	K to R 2nd
		28. Q to K 7th (ch)	K to Kt 1st
		29. B to Q 3rd	Resigns.

Lasker and Steinitz are both the victims of the rigorous Russian climate. First one then the other player has to re-tpone the match on account of indisposition. While wishing the players well over their arduous task we must say that with the score so one-sided as 7 to 0 in favour of Lisker, the contest has lost all sporting interest.

DRAUGHTS.

W. MORTON.—To 106 correct. In future please refer to published solutions.

J. ADAMS and D. EVANS.—Your positions are a little too obvious; try again.

J. A. MORRIS.—Continue solution to your No. 1. No. 2 rather inartistic.

G. OLDHAM.—All too simple. Construct fewer and with more care.

*** Other replies held over till next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 108.—BY R. KIGHTLEY.

Black on: 2, 10, 15, 24, 7K, 8K, 23K.
White on: 6, 9, 14, 19, 30, 31, 17K.
White to move, and win.

30 26	24—31	22 13	22—13	1 10
23—16*a*	17 22	31—22	6 1	White
31 27	10—17	13 17	13—6	wins.

a. If 23—30, then 17 13, 10—17, 19 3. White wins.

AN ADDITION.—It should be mentioned that the neat improvement re game No. 82, 43rd move, was also discovered by Mr. F. J. Maidwell.

PROBLEM No. 109.

By A. ROACH (Johannesburg, S.A.R.).

BLACK

WHITE.

White to move, and win.

NOTE.—A New-Year's study of exceptional elegance.

LONDON'S GREAT DRAUGHTS CONTEST.

Arrangements have been made for an important match to take place on Saturday next, Jan. 9, at the Polytechnic Institute, 309, Regent Street, W., between players residing North and South of the Thames, and it is expected that the rival teams will consist of at least one hundred players a side. Play will commence at 4 o'clock p.m., and conclude at 7 p.m., not more than four games to be contested at each board, and all unfinished positions to be adjudicated. Unattached players as well as members of clubs are cordially invited to play. Intending competitors should apply by letter at once (stating postal district and enclosing a fully directed stamped envelope for reply if needed), those residing North of Thames to Mr. F. W. Harris, hon. sec., Aldenham Institute D.C., Goldington Crescent, St. Pancras, N.W., and those residing South to Mr. W. S. Lambert, hon. sec., 335, City Road, E.C. The arrangements are under the able directorship of Mr. H. J. Tolwer, hon. sec. Polytechnic D.C., who will provide for the comfort of visitors and spare no pains to render the New Year's great match a record one.

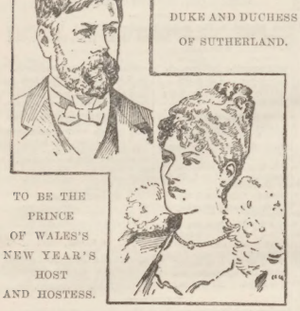
Plenty of Good Stories in the "ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE."—6d.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

THE QUEEN SPENT A QUIET CHRISTMAS at Osborne with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Princess Beatrice and her children, and Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The Queen went on Christmas afternoon to Whippingham Church to inspect the screen in wrought brass, designed and executed by Mr. Alfred Gilbert, R.A., for Her Majesty, which is placed in the Battenberg Memorial Chapel. Her Majesty's New Year gifts were distributed, as usual, at Windsor.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and their family have been spending a quiet but pleasant Christmas at Sandringham House, with all the members of their family, except Princess Charles of Denmark, to celebrate whose arrival with Prince Charles at Copenhagen the King of Denmark gave a grand banquet on Sunday. Said the venerable King: "I hope that as my dear daughter Alexandra has won all British hearts, so my grand-daughter may win the hearts of the whole Danish nation, and I hope that she and her husband may continue in their present happiness to the end of their lives." So mote it be!

The First Visit of the Prince of Wales in the New Year is to be paid to the Duke of Sutherland, at Trentham Hall, in Staffordshire. Trentham is a roomy and salubrious mansion, but does not compare for picturesqueness with the Duke's splendid Castle of Dunrobin, near the fishing port of Golspie, nor yet the wilder still House of Tongue, Lairg, N.B. It is, however, so much handier for London, that the Prince, who dislikes long railway journeys, although he takes so many, made Trentham a stipulation. The Duchess of Sutherland is one of the most charming and most accomplished of English noblewomen. The Duke of Sutherland is the largest landowner in Great Britain, his estates embracing some 1,400,000 acres, an area more



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

TO BE THE PRINCE OF WALES'S NEW YEAR'S HOST AND HOSTESS.

than equivalent to the whole of Surrey and Sussex. Most of it, however, is deer forest and therefore save in the way of timber, unremunerative. Besides the places mentioned, the Duke has a fine house at Lilleshall, near Newport, in Shropshire, and a palatial mansion overlooking the Green Park, Stafford House, whose marble staircase has no parallel in Europe, not even including that of the Grand Opera-House in Paris. It was at Stafford House that, grace to the hospitality and kindness of the Duke and Duchess, the Society of Women Journalists entertained their friends last summer.

The Duchess of York has sent to the Children's Happy Evenings Association, of which she is President, a large number of toys and scrap-books, which have been distributed among the thirty-five branches, to be used by the poor children at the "Happy Evenings" during the winter.

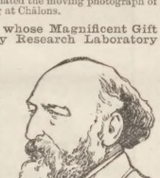
Russia and the Porte.—M. de Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador at Constantinople, has addressed another note to the Sultan and the Porte, pointing out the necessity of following the advice which the Powers will give for effecting an improvement in the situation, and intimating that a refusal would involve very disagreeable consequences.

The German Emperor, the Empress, the five elder Princes, and Prince and Princess Adolphus of Schaumburg went to Berlin last Monday morning to receive the Empress Frederick, who arrived from Kiel at six o'clock. The Emperor William has sent a telegram of condolence to the widow and family of the late Professor Du Bois-Reymond.

Lord Salisbury Came to Town last Monday afternoon, and was in attendance at the Foreign Office. In the evening he returned to Hatfield.

M. Faure, President of the French Republic, never loses an opportunity of doing a kindly action. Thus, the Paris *Figaro* records that President Faure rejoiced the hearts of hundreds of poor sufferers at the Hospital for Incurables by giving them a special Christmas treat in the form of a brilliant series of Cinématographe views. The patients particularly appreciated the moving photograph of the French troops marching at Chalons.

Mr. Ludwig Mond, whose Magnificent Gift of the Davy-Faraday Research Laboratory to the Royal Institution is understood to represent an outlay of £100,000, is one of the firm of Brünner, Mond, and Co., the great chemical manufacturers, of Winnington, Cheshire. The Monds came originally from Silesia, where they own extensive nickel mines. It is in nickel that the green cryosophrene stone, now so fashionable, is found, and an abundantly yielding strook was recently disclosed in their mines. Mr. Ludwig Mond was President of the Chemical Section at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association last year. The gift of the laboratory, with an endowment sufficient to provide for its effective working, is regarded as one of the most generous private endowments to science that has ever been made in England. Its direction is in the hands of a committee, with Lord Rayleigh and Professor Dewar at its head, and it is to be open to scientists, both men and women, of any nationality. The experience which is to be a qualification for its use is to be decided by that committee. At the opening ceremony on Dec. 29, there was a big crowd of scientists at the Royal Institution, to welcome the Prince of Wales, who was present to recognise Mr. Mond's gift to the country. Among others the Duke of Teck, Lord Rayleigh, Professor Dewar, Earl Percy, Sir J. Lubbock, Lord Playfair, Sir H. Dalton, Sir B. Baker, Sir D. Galton, Lord Halsbury, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Kelvin were present. Mr. Mond is enormously wealthy, his company having paid large dividends for more than a decade.



MR. LUDWIG MOND.

Dr. "Jim's" Release has quickly been followed by the liberation of a couple of his colleagues. Colonel Grey and Colonel H. White were released from Holloway Prison on Saturday morning.

The Priest of Runaway Couples at Gretna Green.—Willie Laing, who died in the Old Year, was the last of the "priests" who celebrated marriages at Gretna Green. It was the law of Scotland that a simple declaration by two unmarried persons that they desired to be united was a legal marriage; and as Gretna Green was the first village over the Scottish border where refreshment could be obtained, scores of runaway couples from England used to hasten there to be united. Poor couples were married at the toll-house; rich ones at the Gretna Hall, then a hotel, now a private residence. Among famous people married at Gretna during the century that the system lasted were Lord Erskine, the famous advocate, and Lord Dundonald, the equally famous Admiral. In 1840 the whole business was killed by the passing of an Act which made a six weeks' residence in Scotland

WILLIE LAING.

necessary to render such a marriage valid. As time was of value to runaways, they stopped coming to Gretna, greatly to the loss of the man who officiated at the marriages. Willie Laing was eighty-five.

Friends and Relatives of Those who Perished in the "Drummond Castle" off the French coast may feel disposed to send timely help to Pastor Le Jeune, the humane Curé of Molène, who won the thanks of the Queen and of the nation by his noble devotion to the survivors and his tender care of the victims of the wreck. A correspondent writes that at the very time this true Christian's portrait appeared in the *P.I.P.*, the Rev. Pastor Le Jeune applied to him, as a friend, to send him an English grammar and dictionary, to enable him to learn the English language, the Curé of Molène being too poor to buy copies himself. Messrs. Donald Currie and Co. at once supplied the books, and we trust this beneficent clergyman is now mastering our tongue. It is at this period of the year that life is hardest among his flock. Hence the opportuneness of sending any monetary help that can be spared (say, in the form of Post Office orders) for these brave but impoverished and suffering fisherfolks, to Pastor Le Jeune, Curé of Molène, near Ushant, France.

The Remains of M. Pasteur were removed from their temporary resting-place at Notre Dame to the crypt prepared for them at the Pasteur Institute in Paris last Saturday. Sir Joseph Lister, Sir Dyce Duckworth, and other British delegates were present.

Sir John Brown, Founder of the Great Steel Firm at Sheffield known as John Brown and Co., died at Brighton last Sunday at the age of eighty. Sir John was the first to make armour-plates for our war-ships, and was one of the first manufacturers in England to take up Sir Henry Bessemer's method of converting iron into steel.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes was Enthusiastically Welcomed at Port Elizabeth on his return from Rhodesia. The Paris *Temps* is fairly taken aback at the royal reception given in South Africa to the "prodigal son" on his way home "to face the music."

Mr. W. H. Preece, who has almost perfected his system of telegraphing without wires or cables, is consulting engineer to the General Post Office, and first authority in England on electricity and telegraphing. Mr. Preece first proved his induction theory to be correct by a little fact which came under his notice in 1884. He was told that an operator in the Telephone Companies' Exchange room in the City had succeeded in reading some telegraph messages that were being sent to Bradford from the G.P.O. through a wire buried underground in the Gray's Inn Road. The telephone wire ran along the housetops 80 ft. away; there was no connection whatever between it and the telegraph wire under the street; yet, strange to say, the telephone clerk had been able to intercept the message. Mr. Preece set himself to think about the matter, and eventually found that it was

MR. W. H. PREECE.

Due to the Electrical Waves in the Air. After this, experiments in the North of England showed that it was possible to bring a system of telegraphing without wires into practical effect. The system consists practically in the conveying electrical-magnetic waves across space. The waves, and thus the messages, are conveyed between England and France, and all that is wanted is a coil of wire on each side of the Channel of the same length as the Channel's breadth. The current thus generated on the one side would be heard on the other.

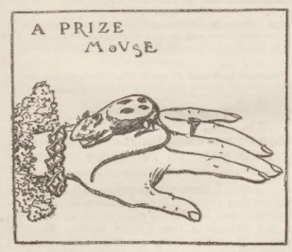
Egypt and the Soudan: Khalifa Preparing to Fight.—According to news received from Kassala by the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*, the Dervish garrisons along the Atbara river have been called into the interior. The Italians in some excursions captured several Dervish spies, who said that the withdrawal of these garrisons was in connection with the great preparations which the Khalifa is making to offer resistance with his entire forces to the advance of the Anglo-Egyptians. But Major-General Sir H. Kitchener may be depended upon to make short work of the tyrant of the Soudan.

Railway Disaster in America: Train Thrown from a Bridge.—A train on the Louisville and Nashville Railway ran off a trestle bridge near Birmingham, Alabama, on Dec. 27. According to the *Daily Mail*, train-wreckers caused the disaster by removing a rail from the long trestle bridge spanning the Cahaba river. They thus caused the train to leave the track and plunge into the river 110 ft. below. Out of forty-six passengers only ten escaped death, and these were all seriously injured. The bodies of the killed were charred beyond recognition, as the train caught fire in the shallow river and many who escaped death by drowning perished in the flames. The survivors state that soon after the accident occurred the train-wreckers appeared and plundered the dead and dying.

An Irish Family Swallowed Up by a Flowing Bog near Killarney.—After a heavy rainstorm a bog on Lord Kenmare's estate in Killarney early on Monday morning moved a considerable distance, sweeping away Quarry Lodge, in which a land steward, named Donnelly, and his family, eight in all, were sleeping. The only living thing that escaped was a dog belonging to Donnelly, which all Monday was wandering confusedly about the place where his master's house had stood and whining piteously.

A Ship's Life-boat came Ashore in Guernsey on Sunday morning, which contained the bodies of two mulattos, who had been dead for three or four days. The lettering on the derelict showed that it had belonged to a Douglas ketch named the *Weston*.

London Society's Mouse Club.—London Society must ever have some new fad. One of the latest ideas is the breeding of mice. Already a mouse club has been formed, with a ten-guinea challenge cup, which is now held by "Queenie," the mouse whose portrait we give, as she rests on the hand of a lady fancier. "Queenie" is the property of Mr. W. Maxey, who has several hundred mice



LONDON LADIES' LATEST FAD.

in the special "mousery" he has constructed for them. "Queenie" is the champion mouse of the United Kingdom, and displays very rare markings—four spots as regular as those on a domino. She is the granddaughter of "Star of the East," a mouse which at a Stockport show won a Cheshire cheese. The aristocratic mouse must be of good size, with long, clean head, not too fine or pointed at the nose, the eyes large and bold, the ears big, wide apart, tulip-shaped and carried erect. The body must be long and slim, a trifle arched over the loin and "racy" in appearance. The tail must be long, thick at the root and tapering like a whiplash to a fine end, the length being equal to that of the mouse, while the coat must be perfectly smooth, glossy, and sleek to the hand. The results most prized in mouse-breeding are most difficult of attainment.

Tortoise-shell Mice, for instance, are the rarest; a good specimen would fetch £50. Black and tans rank next among the rarities, because it is so difficult to get them with the black of a good colour. A pure raven black, even throughout, is only attained among the very aristocracy of the mouse world. The sables are really charming in colour. Fanciers are always producing new varieties and new colours. The colour is of secondary interest and importance, however, the principal standard of excellence being the type—of which there are four.

Fancy Mice are Expensive Pets. Their life at the longest is but two years and a half, and they are not in condition for show or competition after they are fifteen months old. The utmost care has to be observed in diet and temperature. Toasted cheese and bacon are barred. The least change of temperature affects their health, and their propensity to gnaw wood causes their owner much anxiety. Among the leading English mouse fanciers are the Hon. Miss Grimston, Miss Angela Cockburn Dickinson (niece of Lord Londesborough), and Mr. S. Woodiwiss, the well-known dog and cat fancier.

Dingwall, and not Wick, is the North British town to which Mr. John Denison Pender presented his late father's painting of "The Virgin and Child," said to be by Titian. The memory of Sir John Pender's many beneficent actions is evidently gratefully cherished in the Wick Burghs. When Mr. A. Naughty handed the valuable picture to the Provost of Dingwall, every speaker spoke in the heartiest terms of what Sir John had done for the burghs; and ex-Provost Macleay added that he only hoped they would soon have an opportunity of renewing their connection with Sir John Pender's family. Sir John had served them faithfully, and if they asked his son (Mr J. D. Pender) to come among them they would find him worthy of their consideration and support.

1896 Exhibition Awards.—Amongst the gold medal and other awards given at the India and Ceylon Exhibition in London, and at various other exhibitions, Maypole Soap was foremost, having been awarded the following medals and diplomas: India and Ceylon, bronze medal and diploma; Great Yarmouth, a gold medal; Middlesborough Grand Trades and Arts, diploma; East London Trade Industries, diploma. Maypole soap (as our lady readers know) not only washes but dyes any colour, and we are glad to know it is entirely of English manufacture.

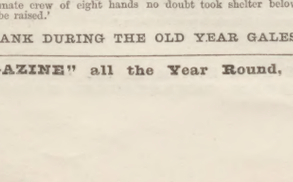
The Mystery of Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe's Death in Paris bears a close resemblance to the sad story of the late Mr. Archibald McNeill's disappearance at Boulogne. Author of a book of cleverly written short stories, entitled "Wreckage," Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe was regarded as an author of much promise, and there appears to be no reason why he should have committed suicide, as some Paris papers inferred he did when the poor young fellow's dead body was found in the Seine on a day or two before Christmas Day. The corpse was kept at the Morgue in Paris till identified by the brothers of the deceased. The personal property found upon the body was handed over to the two brothers. It consisted of his watch and chain, a silver cigarette-case, a silver matchbox, a ring, studs, links, and a small sum in silver and copper, besides a letter from England. Mr. and Mrs. Crackanthorpe state that according to the medical evidence there is no doubt that Mr. Hubert Crackanthorpe met with his death on the evening of Thursday, Nov. 5. He had been with his mother until 11.30 that evening, when he went for a walk, and was last seen at 11.50 p.m. on the Quai Voltaire, within 200 yards of which place his body was found seven weeks later. For the last two months of his life he was living in Paris; during that period he never left it for a single day; and the circumstances of every day of his life there are perfectly well known to his family. Mr. and Mrs. Crackanthorpe having been much pained by numerous statements in the Press, for which there is no foundation, earnestly request that this statement may be accepted as final.

THE LATE HUBERT CRACKANTHORPE.

Captain Richard Stokes, R.N., Died on Christmas Eve at Oving Manor, near Chichester, at the advanced age of eighty-six. He was present at the bombardment and destruction of Sveaborg, receiving the Baltic medal for his services.

The Lord Mayor of Dublin presided on Monday over a representative meeting, held in that city, to support the movement in favour of a reduction of imperial taxation in Ireland. All Englishmen devoutly pray for a wholesale reduction of oppressive taxation on this side of St. George's Channel.

The Native Rising in Bechuanaland has led to some brisk encounters. Fighting has taken place at Pokwani. On Saturday morning last, Galishwe's first position was carried, Lieutenant Ternet and Sergeant Brady being wounded. A second very strong position then taken up by the natives was forced on Sunday after severe fighting, in which they lost heavily and



THE DISAPPEARANCE OF DAUNT'S ROCK LIGHT-SHIP, WHICH SANK DURING THE OLD YEAR GALES.

The Disappearance of Daunt's Rock Light-Ship, one of the floating beacons which watch over the safety of Poor Jack o' nights off the Irish coast, was one of the saddest features of the Old Year's disastrous gales, especially as the fate of the gallant and devoted crew was left uncertain. The worst fears, unhappily, were realised. The stout light-ship, of which we give a photograph, foundered with all hands, we deeply regret to say. The officials of the Irish Lights found her at last very near the spot where she was moored. A Queenstown journalist, writing to Reuter's Agency on Oct. 28, said: "A diver this afternoon succeeded in going down and making a short examination of the Daunt's Rock Light-ship, which was found sunk close to the rock. From the meagre survey made by the diver, it appears the vessel is damaged about the bows, and several of her deck planks forward started in the storm. The unfortunate crew of eight hands no doubt took shelter below, closing all approaches to the deck. The Light-ship is to be raised.'

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS.

HINDE'S HAIR CURLERS

The Handsomest Hair is ruined by the use of Curling Irons. Heat bleaches the colour, robs it of its lustre, makes it dry and brittle, turns it grey, and destroys all natural tendency to waviness. Hinde's Hair Curlers are used without heat. They have no sharp edges to cut and spoil the hair. They are sold in boxes at **6d.** and **1s.** in every town and village in the three Queendoms.

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THE MUSICAL BUDGET.

CHRISTMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

To purchasers of previous Christmas Numbers it is unnecessary to do more than announce the publication of the Number for Christmas, 1896; while to those to whom the Christmas Musical Budget is unknown, they may state that it contains 32 Large Pages, and that the price is 2d. The contents (comprising 28 Compositions) include a Musical Sketch for Four or more Performers, entitled "The Scented Letter"—Songs; Humorous and Sentimental, with Pianoforte Accompaniments—Songs and Pianoforte Pieces for Children—Pianoforte and Harmonium or American Organ Arrangements—Dance Music, including a New Barn-Dance—a Duet for Violin and Pianoforte—a Christmas Part Song, &c. &c.

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TO VIOLINISTS, MANDOLINISTS, &c., &c.
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THE VIOLIN BUDGET, VOL. VII.

Containing nearly 240 Compositions—Solos and Duets—nearly the whole of which have been specially written for this work. It is essentially a work for Amateurs, and the Music is written to suit them.

The majority of the Pieces are also suitable for the Mandoline.

LONDON: HART & CO., 22, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

were completely routed. The bodies of a storekeeper and two companions have been found with their heads battered in. In consequence of the defeat of Galishwe the Capetown Volunteers, who had been called out, will not be wanted, and the Colonial Government believe that the rising may be confined to the one tribe now in revolt.

The Plums of the London Pantomimes have been annually picked out by the *P.I.P.* for the benefit of our thousands of Metropolitan readers for some years past. "The Prompter" deals on another page with the most magnificent, that of Drury Lane, which has never been surpassed for beauty. Next in resplendence ranks Mr. Isaac Cohen's superb masterpiece at the bright New Pavilion at Whitechapel—"Cinderella," so gay with its electric-lit ball-room, and so well acted by Miss Marie Tyler and Miss Daisy Wood as the Prince and the heroine, and by Mr. Julian Cross and the other able members of the company. "Cinderella" supplies plenty of fun as well as splendour. Mirth-moving also is "Mother Goose," at the Standard.

The Islington Grand "Cinderella."—The biggest and ripest plum in Geoffrey Thorn's excellent and amusing pantomime is the droll performance of Harry Randall as Pepper. He is hardly ever off the stage. Even then the audience seems disappointed that he does not appear in the capital harlequinade that follows. He is never at a loss for the merry quip and the ever-useful gag. The other 'plum' is Thomas E. Murray. A pair of

very sweet plums are the Cinderella and the Prince Caramel of Misses Nita Clavering and Hettie Chatt ll. The ballet in the forest of Lagerundspantenberg is a big plum in itself, with its crowd of fluttering birds and rabbits; quite a tragic note is struck when a careless sportsman shoots one of the "bunnies" that has been disporting itself in the forest dance. And the pantomimic grief of its companions stands in relief against the roaring fun of the rest of this capital pantomime.

The Britannia's "Giant and the Dwarf." There are several fine plums in this original pantomime by Mr. Addison, well mounted by Mrs. Sara Lane. One is the performance of Mr. George Lupino, of good old pantomime family stock. His rapid changes from dwarf to man

and man to giant are quite bewildering, and his expression of demoniacal joy and grief, with his aerial flight, are things to be remembered. The Albert and Edmunds troupe are of the best, and Miss Jennie Dawson's songs and dancing are of the most energetic style and character.

The Surrey "Sindbad" begins in a "giggle" and ends in a "roar." That green plum, the Old Man of the Sea, so weirdly personated by Frank Lister, so deeply thrilled the irreverent boys of the Surrey gallery that they even forgot to request this wicked old man to "have his hair cut." There is a big funny man, George Conquest, as Cogia; and there's a little funny man, Fred Zola, as "Shiraze Ali," with other funny men of intermediate statures. Sindbad makes a nice plum in the shape of Miss Maude Nelson. Zoradee,

Miss Lottie Hallett, looks pretty and dances gracefully. What a pretty fancy setting Mr. George Conquest has provided for his "plums"! His golden palace is a dream of gold mines, while his flying ballet, with its hundreds of electric lights, is never to be forgotten. Clown and pantaloon business is good as ever at the Surrey.

Holloway's Popular Playhouse, the Parkhurst, ever caters well for the growing body of householders who like to take their entertainment near home, thus avoiding the long and tedious 'bus drives. The bestowal of this boon by the increasing number of suburban theatres cannot fail to lessen the throngs wont to hie at so much inconvenience and discomfort and loss of time to the central London houses. Messrs. Perfect, who have had the assistance of clever Fred Storey as scene-painter, provide an amusing pantomimic version of "Sindbad" at the Parkhurst, evoking much mirth. Briskly enacted by a smart Company, "Sindbad" is well worth seeing here.

The Metropole's "Aladdin" will amply repay a visit. To the attractions of pretty Miss Topsy Sinden's graceful dancing (missed at the Gaiety) are added the dashing characterisation of Mr. Walter Lonnen as Abanazar, Mr. J. F. Sheridan's humorous drollery as Widow Twankay, the vivacity of Miss Rose Dearing as Aladdin and the charms of Miss Lucy Weston as the Princess, and the vigorous knockabout performances of the Monetas. Mr. Mutholland has mounted "Aladdin" well, and done his best to entertain all who flock to his favourite theatre at Camberwell.

The Duke and Duchess of Orleans crossed from Dover to Ostend on Monday night.

The Rev. James O'Neill, Vicar and Rural Dean of Luton, died last Monday.

The Belgian Forces in the Upper Congo are proceeding vigorously against the hostile tribes in the interior, and are reported to have been very successful.

The Twelfth Indian National Congress assembled in Calcutta last Monday, and was attended by over four thousand persons.

The Recent Rainfall in India has brought hope to the districts threatened with famine, we rejoice to hear.

The Terrible Plague in Bombay.—Nearly fifteen hundred persons have died from the plague in Bombay, but the health of the Europeans is very satisfactory. The exodus of the inhabitants continues on a large scale.

Croydon's Christmas Tragedy.—The man named Daws, who murdered his wife at Croydon on Saturday night, was taken before the magistrates on Monday and remanded. The inquest on the body of the deceased was held in the evening, when it was stated in evidence that the prisoner was jealous of his wife. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against Daws."

It is an Act of Vandalism to pull down the houses in which great historical characters lived. That the so-called "march of improvement" should threaten the fine old Devon mansion of Sir Walter Raleigh is a national scandal. The Antiquarian Society should step in and preserve it.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

K. S.—You are asking a question about a large sum and the acceptance of debentures for your debt. This is far too large a matter to be disposed of in this column, and you would be very unwise if you did not have a separate solicitor to advise you. He should not be the same solicitor who acts for the partners or the company. If you take debentures, see that they are the only first mortgage debentures.

QUIETUDE.—This depends entirely upon the terms of the will. If the interest become vested in nephews and nieces, on the death of a nephew or niece his share would go according to his will or to his next of kin. But if the property was only to be divisible among such nephews and nieces as survived the widow, then the children or the other next of kin would take nothing.

JUSTICE.—If you can show that it was broken in transit, and that the insurance was in your name, the railway company is responsible; or if it was broken whilst in the custody of the person to whom you sent it for inspection, he is liable. Demand from the railway company, as the case may be, the difference between the eight guineas and the present diminished value. Or if it is of no value now, you can bring an action in the County Court for the whole amount.

L. S. D.—If your brother claims the fiddle, sue him by way of counter-claim for the cost you would have incurred if you had had your daughter properly taught elsewhere.

T. C. (Beverley).—This depends upon the terms of the agreement. You cannot be compelled to stay after your time unless expressly bound.

J. E.—It must be re-registered to keep it valid. The fee will be five shillings.

ALPHA.—If your husband is settled in Australia, this case partly depends upon Australian law. According to English law he would be compelled to provide for you, and you might also get an order giving you the custody of the children, with an allowance for them.

SEVERAL READERS are heartily thanked for their warm praise of the *P.I.P.* as "the best penny paper" extant, and for their friendly New Year greetings to me personally. They can best show their appreciation (which I am sure our devoted Editor values highly) by urging all their friends to subscribe likewise to *The Penny Illustrated Paper* regularly all the year round.

LEX.

MR. RUCKER'S WIN AT KEMPTON PARK ON BOXING DAY.

See "Bendigo" in "The Racing World," Page 14.

FREE TEST.

WHAT WE WANT TO DO.

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THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

THE GREAT WULFF AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

WHAT shall I say of the second show put on at the People's Fairy Palace at Sydenham by that remarkably skilful trainer and rider of horses, Herr Edouard Wulff? I am afraid that if I were to write all I think, the charge of flattering might be brought against me. It would not, however, be a difficult charge to disprove, for

Wulff's Great Continental Circus

provides genuine amusement for all classes, all ages, and all sorts and sizes. Even those who no longer care for the buffoonery of the clown, or for whom riding on the bare-backed steed has lost its charm, will, from a comfortable seat, find plenty to marvel at in the finished education of the splendid animals which compose the magnificent stud of horses now performing twice every week-day in the grand central transept of the Crystal Palace. To those who may doubt this, I say, go and see for yourselves. Having been once, you are sure to want to pay a second visit. I fancy I can hear someone asking, What has circus-riding to do with "Banshee's" department? In the first place, it is a pastime, and as represented by the clever members of Herr Wulff's company, not only a very enjoyable one to watch, but, judging by the grace and daring of the riders, a very pleasurable one to take part in. Then the show is not confined to circus-riding, as it is generally understood. There is a

Grand Equestrian Pantomime,

representing a Court festival in the reign of Louis XV., and introducing a tournament of the olden time, in which wrestling, fencing, tilting at the ring, disc-throwing, and passages-of-arms between mail-clad knights are included. This spectacle is one of the most brilliant ever produced in the way of circus business, and bids fair to be even more highly appreciated than the boar-hunt depicted during the Christmas holidays of 1895-96. The number of visitors to the circus on Boxing Day was 21,620 against 18,251 the previous year. Some sketches from the pencil of the special *P.I.P.* pastimes artist appear in the present issue. There are many probably who decline to patronise this kind of entertainment because they are under the impression that obedience in the horse is obtained only by cruel measures. Let me ask all my readers to dispel this idea once and for ever. In horse-taming a little severity is doubtless necessary, but in horse-training "'Tis better far to rule by love than fear." Exceeding patience and kindness, even to indulgence, are necessary for the complete success of trick-teaching. This principle is strictly carried out by Herr Wulff, who trains all his horses, and the result affords most convincing proof of its efficacy. I should like to tell you all about the

Trakhene Stallions,

the marvellous Irish horse, the *haute école* performances, and the wonderful scene presented by the crowded ring of sixty horses and ponies, trotting in different directions, but space will not permit. I must confine further remark to congratulating Herr Wulff on his most excellent display, and Mr. Henry Gillman on the perspicacity he has shown in securing so attractive an item for the palace of which he is so able a manager.

Outdoor Sport at Christmastide

was not favoured with weather of genial description. For the most part just the reverse. Nevertheless, large numbers proved willing to take part in it either as spectators or active participants. There was quite a gathering of well-known athletes at South Croydon on Boxing Day, interested in the annual walk of the South London Harriers from the Grohham Arms to the Clayton Arms, Godstone, and back (18½ miles). Of rain there was plenty, and the roads were heavy, yet E. Knott, the scratch man, covered the distance in 2 h. 55 min. 58 sec., or 19 sec. faster than his previous record. A. Slade, who had 5 min. start, was second, and E. Gavin, 31 min. start, third. There were two events on Christmas Day at Glasgow, each of which might have drawn a big gate but for the weather. The four-mile match for £100 at Celtic Park between

H. Watkins and J. J. Mullen

was run on a thoroughly saturated track before less than 2000 persons. Watkins set the pace nearly the whole way, but by means of a fine spurt Mullen closed with his rival just before reaching the bend for home, and won by two yards in 20 min. 34 4-5 sec. The other item was a football match between a London Scottish team and West of Scotland. Play was prejudiced by the state of the ground, and the victory of the Scottish by a goal and two tries to nothing may or may not have been a correct criterion of the comparative merits of the opposing sides.

The League Organisations

were, of course, busily engaged on Christmas and Boxing Days, and in the majority of instances the gate receipts were excellent. Some 25,000 were attracted on Christmas morning to the match between Liverpool and Aston Villa, at Liverpool, where pleasant weather was experienced, and on Saturday, at Everton, nearly 30,000 persons turned out to witness Everton play Sunderland and beat them. At Derby there were 17,000 watchers of the match between Derby County and Bolton Wanderers, and 15,000 at Wolverhampton, where Aston Villa played Wolverhampton Wanderers.

Clubs on Tour.

As usual at this time of year, tours are made by a good many clubs, and generally plenty of enjoyment is found. The Corinthians, Barbarians, Harlequins, London Welsh, Saracens, and Old Merchant Taylors are among the clubs which followed this course. To witness the match between the Barbarians and Newport some 10,000 assembled on the Newport ground, and one of the chief features was the play of Arthur Gould, who is evidently unable to give up his old love for awhile.

International Football.

While we have received a visit from a team of the Brussels Racing Club, who have as yet certainly not mastered the principles of the Association game, some members of our Public Schools and Universities, under the title of English Ramblers, have been giving the Parisians a lesson or two in the same game.

The Woolwich Polytechnic Gym.

flourishes exceedingly under the expert and assiduous supervision of Professor C. E. Lord (whose handbooks on the best use of dumb-bells and Indian clubs, to be had at the above gymnasium at 7d. each, are model guides for muscular development). Undoubtedly the best gymnastic display ever witnessed in Woolwich, the demonstration before Christmas over which Lord Kinnaird presided, was much admired. Very amusing was the blindfold boxing of MM. Hardy and Davidson. The ladies' musical wands' exercise was voted a dainty tid-bit. Very bright and picturesque were the ladies' classes' figure-marching and running, particularly brilliant being the effect of the Japanese illuminated lanterns carried by the members. Well may the finely set-up members of the Woolwich Polytechnic Gymnasium have looked forward with eagerness to their Old Year Night and the New Year's conversazione.

In wishing each reader a

Happy and Prosperous New Year,

let me strongly urge you one and all at the advent of 1897 to give your local newsagents standing orders to send you the *P.I.P.* regularly every week for the rest of the twelvemonth. And may I further appeal to all of you who regard the *Penny Illustrated* with favour to point out its merits to your friends, so that the *P.I.P.* (world-wide though its circulation is) may become a Welcome Guest in thousands of fresh households this New Year!

BANSHEE.

The Christmas Card from Guy's Hospital consists of a view of this noble South London institution, with a copy of the Prince of Wales's gracious letter of thanks (written by Sir Francis Knollys) to the donors who responded so handsomely to H.R.H.'s eloquent and earnest appeal on behalf of Guy's. It is clear from the Prince's letter, however, that much more is needed to enable Guy's Hospital to carry out the benevolent founder's intention to the fullest extent. A significant New-Year's hint to rich philanthropists!

THE CHIEF PANTOMIME AND DRAMATIC NOVELTIES IN LONDON.

See 'P.I.P.'s" 'Talk of London," Page 2.

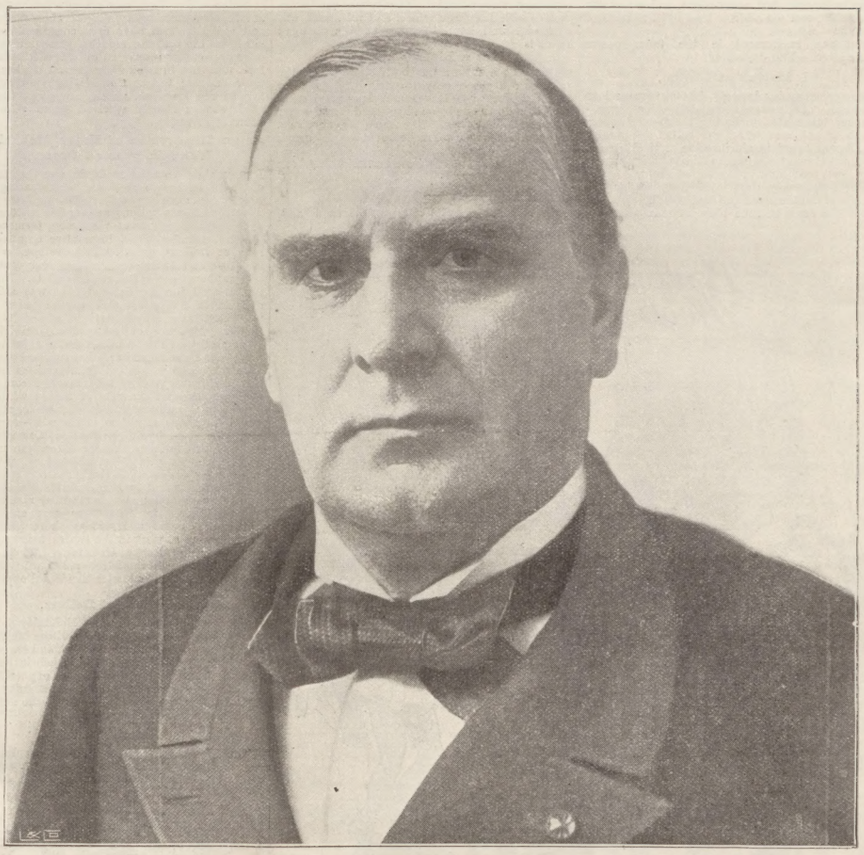
Major McKinley at Home.

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT AND MRS. McKINLEY.

BY HOWARD PAUL.

THE HOME LIFE OF MAJOR McKINLEY (writes Mr. Howard Paul, after a special interview in the Old Year with America's President-Elect) during a period of six weeks before the general election took place was unique in the annals of American politics. Usually, the candidate of a party traverses the country, "stumping it," as it is termed, speaking from car platforms, in halls, in school-rooms, and in public squares. The **President-Elect of the Republican Party** did none of these things. He stayed at his home at Canton, Ohio, and carried on what may be called a "front porch" campaign. It struck me as being more dignified in a Presidential candidate receiving and addressing his fellow-citizens at home than roaming about the country like an itinerant showman. The result was the representatives of the nation came to

MRS. McKINLEY,
WIFE OF THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.
Photo from Baker's Art Gallery, Columbus, U.S.A.



BEST PORTRAIT OF MAJOR WILLIAM McKINLEY, PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES.
From the American Photograph by Chickering.

See "The World of Pastime," preceding Page.

his door, and the gallant Major was enabled to sleep in his own bed every night, and eat at his own table, and yet address tens of thousands of his fellow-citizens.

But the excitement in the town passes description. The day after

I Arrived at Canton,

forty special trains brought 50,000 persons into the town. There were thirty delegations, representing ten States, including the border States of the South, and what was called the "rebel yell" was heard in glorification of McKinley at intervals through the day and during the progress of a great torchlight procession at night.

For quite forty days and forty nights the people of Canton lived and had their being to the tap of the drum and the blare of trumpets. As this lawn was embellished with beautiful shrubbery and flower-beds. The porch was overgrown with luxuriant vines, and all about was neat and well kept. To-day what a change! There is

Not a Blade of Grass

visible, not a flower has been spared. Of the vines on the porch only the one strong mother stem remains, the leaves and tendrils having been torn down one by one by those in front eager to improve their view. The trees, too, were in a measure destroyed to make room for telegraph and telephone fixtures.

Within the house the transformation has been almost as complete.

Mrs. McKinley's Apartments

alone remaining practically undisturbed, and,

SMART SUBURBAN PANTOMIME AT EALING.

for the various processions, the principal streets were occupied with them all day long. And though the delegations that called upon Major McKinley were each sufficient for a vast mass meeting, he had to insist on "bunching" some of them: so to thirty organisations he would give, say, twenty speeches. The excitement and tumult of all this were, of course, extraordinary.

Americans

do not take their politics tepidly. If the subject in hand does not excite them—even, in some cases, to fever heat—they feel a languid interest in the proceedings. They must be stirred before their patriotism rises to the surface. The only cool, concentrated man that I met was

Major McKinley Himself.

How his rich, resonant voice stood the strain I cannot understand. Speaking from the stand at his front gate, the space before his residence crammed with two thousand people, the wonderful voice reached the furthermost fringe of the gigantic throng. Every word was distinct, every sentence clear, and could be heard far down the street towards the triumphal arch that marked the approach to the McKinley home.

The day I spent at Canton he made twenty speeches, and he was compelled to listen to twenty addresses and to shake thousands of hands; he was at last induced to sit down for awhile, and then there was a sign of painful fatigue, but he was

Chatty, Bright, Alert, even Humorous.

He seemed to retain any little unusual incident of each meeting in his mind, reminding one in that respect of the late James G. Blaine, who possessed a marvellous memory with a rapid power of keen repartee.

Major McKinley's House

is a modest little frame structure of ten rooms two storeys in height, and of the plainest architectural design. The front door, through which all pass, opens into a small reception hall. To the right is what was originally Major McKinley's study, library, and office. To the left is Mrs. McKinley's suite of rooms, neatly furnished and provided with easy couches and soft pillows, so necessary to the comfort of the invalid wife of the distinguished man—seldom so ill as to be obliged to take to her bed and never sufficiently strong to bustle about the house as the natural instincts of an American wife prompt.

The house stands well back from the street, leaving a spacious lawn dotted with shade and ornamental trees. Up to the day the people of Canton invaded it to pay homage to its owner, with the beautiful sweet-scented roses with which they are always supplied, constituting the one home-like spot left about the place. Major McKinley's room had lost all semblance of library or study. It was filled with desks and the appurtenances of the secretaries, with newspapers replenished almost faster than they can be carried out, with baskets of letters and with mementoes brought or sent from friends. When the speech-making took place, Mrs. McKinley and a few personal friends occupied seats with a full view of the porch, and so could witness the demonstration. The speech-making was done from a plain wooden chair. Several of these chairs have been disposed of, two breaking down under the heavy weights of corpulent speakers, and the others having been carried off by enterprising relic-hunters.

The rush was so prodigious at Canton during the campaign that hotels and restaurants had to be extensively extemporised. Every bar-room and "pub" set up hasty lunch-counters, and even the churches took a friendly hand in feeding the hungry crowd. Several had luncheon-stands run by Ladies' Aid Societies. One congregation had a continuous oyster festival in its lecture-room. Oysters, happily, are abundant in America, and cheap. Another church dispensed coffee and sandwiches from a tent placed in front of the sacred edifice. All manner of devices were employed by the local tradesmen to attract custom. Some of the signs hung outside of pastrycook shops and restaurants were unique. One read,

"Quick Lunch for Twenty Cents, and Good at That."

Another read, "Home dinners like your mother used to cook, fifty cents"; "A boss lunch for twenty-five cents"; and "Food for the weary wayfarer at cheap rates," "Chops and steaks the same as McKinley eats—try them!" The streets, too, swarmed with pedlars and shouting, bawling "fakirs," as they are called here, selling buttons with fine patriotic mottoes on them. McKinley cigars and cheap photographs of the Major were in tremendous demand. One Chicago house sold a quarter of a million of cartes at ten cents each, and a million buttons at five cents apiece.

Mrs. McKinley is a Woman of Charming Manners

and many accomplishments. She is a descendant of a local celebrity, old John Saxton, who edited a journal called the *Canton Repository* for sixty years, having written an editorial on the defeat of the first Napolcon at Waterloo, and fifty-six years later another on the defeat of Napoleon III. at Sedan. Mrs. McKinley's health has improved of late, strange to relate, despite the excitement and agitation that have been continuous about her home the past few months. The delegations were profoundly interested in her pale, beautiful face, and they insisted upon decorating her with their badges; but as they all bore portraits of her adored husband, or his name in letters of gold, she graciously received them with the sunniest of smiles.

As an Illustration of Major McKinley's Versatility as an Orator,

I may state that he made in one day fifteen distinct speeches to audiences aggregating over twenty thousand people. To indicate the diversity of occupations among his visitors, he addressed delegations of wheelmen, farmers, old soldiers, a ladies' club, locomotive engineers, a club of Italians, commercial travellers, a club of Bohemian Americans, railway corporations, telegraphers, and African Methodists. That is pretty well for one day, and he was able to say something pithy and to the point that interested the representatives of each particular profession or occupation. McKinley, among all past Presidential nominees, broke the record for speech-making. Bryan, the Populist-Democrat, who was tolerably industrious in this line, ran him very hard, but he travelled from place to place, coming thousands of miles; while the Republican candidate remained at home, and the world—and, one might add, his wife—came to him. It is said by old politicians here that no other Presidential candidate ever pursued a similar course. Apropos of orators, I may mention *en passant* that there was a "speakers' bureau," organised by Mr. Mark Hanna—who is a most remarkable man as a political manager—and he assured me that there were employed during the campaign 17,300 speakers, and most of them were at work in the States between the Alleghany and Rocky Mountains. These men were liberally paid to address political meetings, and their fees reached, with incidental expenses, nearly

A Million of Dollars.

The impression is here that McKinley did not contribute a dollar to this fund. Major McKinley in his speeches impressed his audiences by breadth and power of mind, by his clearness and vigour of statement, by his devotion of patriotism. He stood up for the national integrity, the national honour. He insisted that the nation's financial responsibilities should be

Redeemable in Gold.

That long struggle won, the people were rewarded with the most marvellous growth and prosperity ever realised in any land. All the nations came to honour American fidelity, to respect free government, to seek investments in a country so grandly permeated with national integrity. Was it probable that the same people would throw away, at the specious bidding of silver demagogues, all they had achieved and brand themselves with dishonour? The answer is "No!" and that is why to-day Major William McKinley is the President-Elect of the United States.

ASTON'S SOVEREIGN EMBROCATION cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, 1s. 1½d.; by post of the Proprietors, 1s. 3d.—ASTON CHEMICAL CO., Birmingham.—[ADVT.]

NEW YEAR WINDFALLS.

I SINCERELY trust the world-wide circulation of the *P.I.P.* may be the means of bringing fortune to the missing heirs in Mr. Sidney H. Preston's list. That gentleman writes to me from 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.—

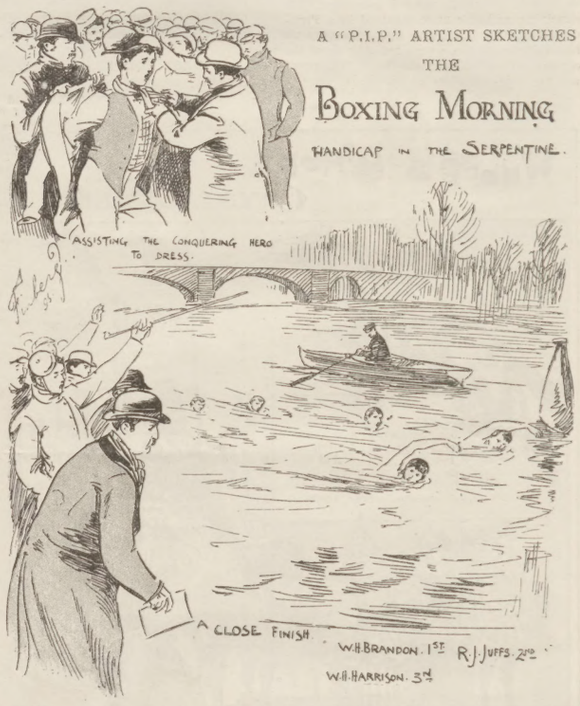
Claimants may benefit to the extent of upwards of £900, arising from the estate of Commodore Michael Stackpoole, of Limerick, who died in 1846. F. S. Capon, who left England in 1883, is interested in a legacy of £1000. Vacant successions await the heirs of Edith Harrison, widow of F. Bockel, and her children, who were found dead near Brussels, supposed to have been murdered. £7000 has become due to the next-of-kin of Mary Hendry, who was living in 1777. T. J. Hull, who left England for Australia in 1864, is entitled to freehold property. £3526 is due to the unknown heirs of John Renny, who died abroad. The Treasury Solicitor has advertised for next-of-kin in several cases in which intestates' estates have fallen to the Crown in the absence of heirs.

THE EALING PANTOMIME.

THE bright suburban town of Ealing boasts its own pantomime—thanks to the energy and enterprise of Mr. T. J. Phillips, who on Christmas Eve produced "The Babes in the Wood" at the cosy Lyric Theatre. To mention the name of the writer of the pantomime—Mr. Horace Lennard—is a guarantee that the story is admirably told, and that the lyrics and business are of the very best. Mr. Watty Brunton, jun., ably seconded by Mr. Harry A. Gribben, played the two Robbers' parts, which gave them opportunities for much merry and excellent fooling. They both worked hard, and upon their efforts much of the fun and mirth of the piece depended. Miss Delia Hunt is a charming little dancer, and her "Watteau" and "Plantation" dances were enthusiastically received. The Sisters Rossell also danced themselves into the favour of the audience. The new and elaborate scenery and the bright, tasteful costumes by Clarkson contributed to the success of the entertainment, which concluded with a harlequinade played entirely by children, a special feature, justified by the pleasure it gave to the youngsters.

BOXING MORNING SWIM.

FOR the second time the National Swimming Association held their 100-yards all-England handicap on Boxing morning in the Serpentine. Once again was a *P.I.P.* Artist roused from his grateful couch in the dark hours of the early morning for a long walk through the damp, misty park, surprising the long lines of troopers exercising horses, as the rosy dawn broke round Rotten Row, and startling the sleepy waterfowl in the icy Serpentine. Of the seven competitors who entered the water only five swam the entire course; young W. H. Brandon, who received 30 sec. start, coming in first, beating R. J. Juffs, scratch man, by a mere hair's breadth. Mr. W. Harrison was the third man, F. Saraski fourth, and T. Tancock fifth. Mr. F. Clarke acted as handicapper and starter, Mr. W. Cook as judge. All competitors received prizes. These consisted of a silver watch, and such seasonable fare as geese, cigars, whisky, etc.



If you wish to Dress Well, Buy the "HAPPY HOME," Weekly, 1d.

CONVICTS' ESCAPE FROM DARTMOOR.

ONE KILLED. REST RECAPTURED.

NEWSPAPER-READERS had brought before them during the Christmas Holidays, act by act, a living drama of the most sensational nature. The

Opening Scene at Dartmoor

furnished a most thrilling episode. It occurred on Thursday, the day before Christmas Day. Three Dartmoor convicts formed part of a gang who were working on some reclaimed bogland about a quarter of a mile from the prison. Shortly after eleven on the Thursday morning a heavy rain commenced to fall, and with it came a thick fog. Immediately the customary order under such circumstances was given to return to the prison. When only a short distance had been covered the three men suddenly dashed from the rank and made for a low wall, which they endeavoured to clear. The warders fired after them, and

WILLIAM CARTER
(Sentenced to twenty-five lashes and twelve years' penal servitude for the brutal burglary at the Lewisham jeweller's on Jan. 31, 1893; shot dead at Dartmoor on Dec. 24.

Carter, Hit in the Back, Died

before medical aid could reach him. Assistant Warder Kestermacher was soon at the heels of Martin, and the latter, finding this to be the case, crouched behind a tree, and with rough language threatened the warder with a large stone. Undaunted, however, the officer went for his man, and

Martin Flung the Missile.

Kestermacher ducked, and the stone just grazed his head. In an instant Martin again turned on his heels, but the warder bounded at him and closed. Both fell. Martin clutched his assailant by the throat, whereupon the officer drew his truncheon and struck Martin two stiff blows. The convict then released his hold and cried out,

"Game 's up. I 've made a mistake this time."

Kestermacher held his prisoner down until the arrival of Civil Guard Nicholls, and between the two he was marched back to jail.

DARTMOOR CONVICT PRISON · AN ESCAPING CONVICT SHOT DEAD.

Goodwin's Burgling on the Road.

During the Thursday night Goodwin, the other convict, broke into the house of Mr. Balkwill at Post Bridge, and after helping himself liberally to food and resting on a sofa he carried off a long overcoat, brown shoes, a sailor's cap, a pair of kid gloves, a lady's cape, and a six-pound cake. A few hours later he was seen on the moor, only a short distance from the very spot where the escape was effected, and later on he was observed back again at Two Bridges by a lad. At eight o'clock

On Christmas Morning

he exchanged greetings with two men on the main road. He was sighted on Christmas Day by scout warders, who chased him to the summit of Mistor, where he was lost among the boulders, a thick fog and dense rain facilitating his escape. During Christmas night

The Residence of Captain Lucas at Tavistock was Entered by Goodwin.

On the servant entering the kitchen the following morning she found the window open and the place in confusion. Half a large cooked turkey, two plum puddings, a pound of butter, several eggs, and some bread had been taken away, as well as a pair of Captain Lucas's boots and the servant's new brown macintosh. The burglar left the pair of brown shoes which he obtained at the house of Mr. Balkwill at Post Bridge on the previous night.

Goodwin Caught in Devonport.

At Camel's Head, Devonport, at a quarter past six on Sunday morning, Constable Prestwood met Goodwin, and, suspecting him to be the man wanted, challenged him by name. Goodwin thereupon threatened to slay the constable, who replied that he would shoot him, and pretended to draw a revolver. The man then threw the knife away, and submitted quietly. The prisoner, who was in a thoroughly exhausted condition, was handed over to the Princetown authorities at one p.m., and driven back to Dartmoor.

"Justifiable Homicide" in the Case of Carter.

An inquest was held at Princetown last Monday on the body of William Carter, the convict who was shot while endeavouring to escape from Dartmoor Prison Farm on Christmas Eve. The deceased was a young married man belonging to Newcastle, who was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude at the Central Criminal Court in February for stealing from the person after several previous convictions. The medical officer said he found thirteen bullet-wounds in the back, and the liver and right lung were torn. The jail officials said they considered it their duty to fire under the circumstances. The jury returned a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

A CONVICT'S ESCAPE FROM PARKHURST PRISON.

Thomas Gilbert,

the convict who escaped from Parkhurst Prison on Christmas morning, was recaptured at Ryde on Saturday afternoon and again lodged in jail. After gaining his temporary freedom, Gilbert, wrapped in a sheet, proceeded to the grounds of the military barracks, where the guard challenged him, and he replied "Friend," whereupon the sentry, assuming that it was

A Christmas Freak

on the part of a comrade, allowed him to pass into the barracks without further investigation. In the barracks Gilbert soon changed his prison garb for that of a soldier, and then proceeded on his way to Ryde.

Gilbert's Burglaries.

At Birkstead it is stated that Gilbert broke into the house of Colonel Tattnall, and obtained a complete outfit of clothes, some of which he was wearing on Saturday. Several other burglaries also took place in the neighbourhood. As Gilbert is a man of fine physique, being an ex-dragoon, it was feared that when the pursuing warders got him in close quarters he would offer a desperate resistance. He, however, surrendered quietly, merely remarking, with a smile, "I nearly got over you."

PUBLIC NOTICE.

ALL men and women who have to be exposed to the bleak uncertainty of our trying climate should fortify themselves before they face their daily toil with Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and they can then brave the fury of the elements with equanimity. The writer speaks from personal experience and from observation of beneficial effects on others. *Tea* opens the pores and temporarily excites, coffee stimulates the action of the heart, whilst Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa gives strength, stamina, and builds up and strengthens the lung tissues. It is indeed a wonderful food beverage. Nothing has ever been discovered that can approach it in giving lightness of heart, joy of life, fleetness of foot, and that general feeling of comfort which only comes from a full capacity to enjoy every pleasure, moral, intellectual, and physical.

EXCESSIVE EATING AND DRINKING.

We all eat too much flesh food and drink too much tea. The former militates against working energy, and the tannic acid and other deleterious properties to be found in tea lower the spirits and injure the health. The body, in fact, is a working engine, and as such it must be treated. The waste of tissue which daily goes on can only be replaced by the proper assimilation of food.

It cannot be done with medicine.

Science, however, has again come to the rescue, and it cannot be too widely known that tone and vigour can be promoted, and the rosy cheeks natural to health restored, by the vitalising and restorative properties of a most valuable discovery. The evidence of medical men and the public is conclusive on this point. It proves that Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa as a Food Beverage possesses nutrient, restorative, and vitalising properties which have hitherto been non-existent. It aids the digestive powers, and is invaluable to tired men and delicate women and children.

It has the refreshing properties of fine tea, the nourishment of the best cocoas, and a tonic and recuperative force possessed by neither, and can be used in all cases where tea and coffee are prohibited.

It is not a medicine, but a unique and wonderful food beverage.

The wonderful African Kola nut which it contains has concentrated powers of nutriment, imparts stamina and staying powers, adds to powers of endurance, and enables those who use it to undergo greater physical exertion and fatigue.

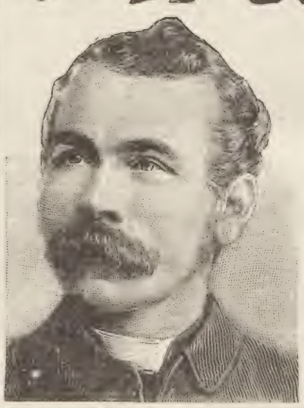
Merit, and merit alone, is what we claim for Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and we are prepared to send to any reader who names *The Penny Illustrated Paper* a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa free and post-paid. There is no magic in all this. It is a plain, honest, straightforward offer. It is done to introduce the merits of Vi-Cocoa into every home.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is made up in 6d. packets, and 9d. and 1s. 6d. tins. It can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, Suffolk House, Cannon Street, London, E.C.

THE BEST NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

The marksman, the cricketer, the oarsman, the cyclist, the footballer, all join in praising the wonderful food beverage, Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. Mr. L. Castleton, 15, King George Street, Greenwich, London, S.E., says: "I have been for years a martyr to a very bad form of headache, which attacked me nearly every day, sometimes quite prostrating me. I was advised to give up drinking tea entirely, and take cocoa as a beverage. I decided to try Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and I am glad to say that since then I have been quite free from my dread enemy, headache. I feel confident that this result was brought about by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, for I have tried numerous remedies without success. I find nothing picks me up so quickly as a cup of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa after I have had a stiff day's work in school. I shall be glad to testify personally to anyone what a real boon this excellent beverage has proved to me."

THE ENGLISH MOODY AND DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa



The following unsolicited Testimonial from the well-known Evangelist, H. POWERS, 1, Fountain Villas, Fountain Road, Hull, has just been received—

"I desire to add my testimony to the splendid qualities of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa. For many years I have been taking tea three and four times daily, but for several months I have taken Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa in the place of tea, with the result that my nerves are stronger, and I am better able to do my work, and with less fatigue. I hold, as a rule, three services every Sunday, and preach almost every night in the week, and since I began to take Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa I can do my work with perfect ease. I can highly recommend Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa to ministers, evangelists, and all public speakers."

FOR BREAKFAST AND SUPPER THERE IS NOTHING TO EQUAL DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa DAINTY SAMPLE FREE.

If you like Nice Little Dinners, buy your wife the "HAPPY HOME." Weekly, 1d.

Miss Grace Atcherley. Miss Bulkeley. Countess of Enniskillen. Lady Florence Cole. Mrs. Rawson. Miss Ethel Corbet.

MODEST FASHIONABLE COSTUMES WORN AT THE NORTH SHROPSHIRE COUNTY BALL: HINTS FOR NEW YEAR PARTY DRESSES.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

BALL DRESSES FOR THE DANCING SEASON.

MY multitudinous readers will bear me out when I say it: I have always set my face against the immodesty in evening dress, too commonly seen at dances, and in the most expensive parts of the Royal Opera House at the height of the London Season. It is, under these circumstances, a source of sincere gratification to me when I come across evening costumes which, while being as smart, pretty, and modish as the most fashionable dame could desire, cannot be reproached on the score of indelicacy.

The Costumes at the North Shropshire County Ball

(some of the most charming designs of which I am courteously permitted to reproduce from that favourite and excellent paper, the *Lady's Pictorial*) may be cited as examples of unexceptional good taste, and the sketches may serve as useful hints to my hosts of home-dress-making friends. The brilliant ball was held at the Corbet Arms, Market Drayton, and was very largely and fashionably attended. Adderley, Hinstock, Buntingsdale, Bellaport, The Grove, The Brand, etc., were well represented.

The Countess of Enniskillen Wore

a handsome black satin gown with corselet bodice of jewelled passementerie, and fine diamonds and turquoise ornaments. Mrs. Corbet was handsomely dressed in a silver brocaded dress with cascades of lace on the skirt, and the bodice draped with blue chiffon and old lace. Mrs. Bertram Corbet wore a lovely white satin dress with lace sleeves; and Miss Ethel Corbet was in black satin, the bodice relieved with gold gauze and black jet. Miss Bulkeley was wearing a pretty white satin frock covered with spotted net, and with bodice hemmed with chiffon and white satin ribbon.

Lady Florence Cole Looked Pretty

in white satin with rose-pink ribbon sash. Miss Tayleur's dress was of white satin, the bodice being trimmed with blue ribbons and flowers. Her sister wore white satin, with a spray of pink roses on the bodice. Miss Grace Atcherley wore a most becoming black satin frock, with white chiffon sleeves, and jet on the bodice. Mrs. Rawson was attired in green moiré, with jewelled embroidery prettily arranged on the bodice. Mrs. Tayleur wore a lovely heliotrope satin dress and many diamonds. The dresses, on the whole, were very pretty, there being, as is usual at hunt balls, very many white dresses, which always go well with the pink coats of the men.

When these lines are in print the New Year will have begun; and it has been suggested by my Editor that during the opening weeks of 1897 (think how near we are to the end of the Nineteenth Century!) I should write about useful

"Employments for Girls."

It is a large and a very important subject, and I think it may possibly be a help to some of my many readers if I write in detail of the different industries and employments that are open to women. I am fully aware of the drawbacks which attend the endeavour to point out to women who are obliged to earn their living how to set about obtaining employment. I have many times in "The World of Women" said plainly that almost all the industries are overstocked; and that girls or women who have not a genuine capacity for work—who will not, in short,

Fit Themselves for the Work

they desire to undertake—have not the slightest chance of getting on. The secretary of one of the best known societies in London for promoting the employment of women said to me on one occasion that she was beset by applications from women who, when they were asked "What can you do?" invariably replied, "Oh, anything!" When these women were put to the test it was found that they could

Do Nothing Really Well,

and it was, of course, impossible to give them any work that involved technical knowledge. Ninety women out of every hundred are perfectly satisfied in their own minds that they could take up the duties, for instance, of nurse to little children, ranging in age, say, from three to nine or ten years, and it never occurs to them that nurses are born, and are with difficulty trained when they have no natural aptitude. So with governesses and teachers of all kinds. How many impatient, hasty tempered girls, who have no special love for children, go out as nursery governesses and fail dismally, simply because they have no capacity for the work they have undertaken! Energetic and impatient girls would make good

Dairymaids and Housemaids.

Work with the hands would be better for them than work with the head. It is the same with the young men. Many a young fellow who is full of energy and good intentions becomes a curate, when he ought to have been a soldier. I am fully

In Accord with Mrs. Whitley,

who says in that charming and serviceable book of hers which I mentioned last week ("Every Girl's Book of Sport," etc., published for 7s. 6d. by Routledge, Broadway, Ludgate Hill, E.C.) that every girl, no matter what her social position may be, should learn how to cook.

I have many times said this, and, for the reason that young women of humble, or gentle birth, who hope one day to be

Mistresses of Homes of Their Own,

should know exactly how roasting, boiling, frying, and stewing should be done; and to that useful knowledge, the girls who, when they marry, will be able to keep a cook, should add the equally useful knowledge of how to make good fancy dishes, such as

Curry, Haricot, Rissoles,

and the like. I have said enough of the importance of training and personal fitness for the occupation which is to win the bread and butter for some girl who is, unfortunately, as the saying is, unprovided for. I confess that, when I think of the

"Grim Spectre of Poverty"

which haunts so many middle-aged women, my heart bleeds; and then how few occupations there are which enable the workers to lay by a little money to fall back upon when

Old Age Dims the Eyes,

and robs the good right hand of its skill! It would be a very good thing if young women, as soon as they begin to earn a little money, would insure their lives for a few hundred pounds.

At Twenty

a very small premium would have to be paid yearly, and by the time middle age arrives, the result—by the accumulation of bonuses, for instance—is very surprising and satisfactory.

The Wholesale Measure Tailors

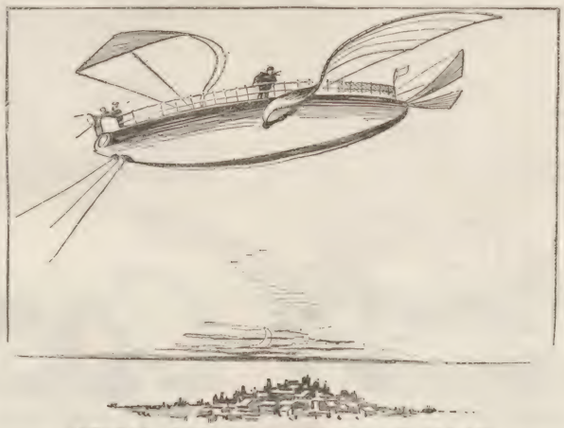
to whom I referred recently—Baker Brothers, 6, Eldon Street, Liverpool Street, London—write to say they are not "ready-made tailors." Their goods are cheap and durable.

The London Drapers

early in the New Year offer bargains, which draw hosts to Schoolbred's, Marshall and Snelgrove's, Peter Robinson's, Whiteley's, and Gask and Co., whose large establishments in Oxford Street and Wells Street offer a rich variety to tempt ladies.

"The Perfect Home."

The perfect home is one where no least detail of courtesy is omitted between husband and wife, parents and children, masters and servants; but where this good breeding is not the slavish obedience to a set of fixed rules, but of honest respect for individual rights and heartfelt desire on the part of each one to be as agreeable and beloved as is possible.



AMERICAN AERIAL SHIP: A ROMANCE OF THE AIR.

The beginning of a new year is a very serious time for all but the very frivolous and thoughtless, and I hope that

1897 Will Prove Good and Prosperous to My Kindly Readers!

And now what shall I wind up with? Let me quote a charming little poem by Carl Smith from the Mother's Page in *Helping Words*. It is called

From Widdleton to Waddleton.

When we set out a-journeying, my baby girl and I,
It really is a wonder how the way goes fleeting by:
The course is from the sitting-room, her clangor is my knee,
And the minstrel music with us is her little laugh of glee.

"Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles,
But from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles"
(Which is just a freak in distance which my conscience reconciles
With the theory that baby songs are full of tricks and wiles)—
Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles."

Her grandma is so jealous when we set about our trip,
She claims to see a tear shade in the quiver of her lip.
She says the way is rocky and the steed is roughly shod,
But we tell her of another path that's smooth and clear and broad.

We never have arrival at where we set about to go,
For always on the journey baby's sunly head drops low,
And then I draw her closer, closer, closer to my breast,
And the steed is turned to pasture and its rider is undressed.

"Still from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles,
And from Waddleton to Widdleton it's nineteen miles,
And the breezes bring a murmuring from dreamy afterwhiles,
And a little prayer is uttered for a life to know no trials—
Oh, from Widdleton to Waddleton it's eighteen miles."

MARGUERITE.

A NEW AIR-SHIP.

AMERICANS have always been keen inventors, and it is not surprising that the conquest of the air has always had its devotees among them. One of the most promising attempts of this kind is that of Mr. Hiram Maxim, who is an American, though his flying machine is being made at his residence near Bexley Heath, in Kent. The latest air-ship, however, is causing much excitement on the Pacific coast in the neighbourhood of Sacramento and San Francisco. According to the New York *World*, it was first noticed on Nov. 17. On that night a number of people in Sacramento saw a strange object in the sky. Two brilliant beams of light high up in the heavens attracted their attention. The first impression was that it was some marvellous meteoric phenomenon. Closer observation revealed, under the lights, the dim outline of an oval-shaped body with what looked like fluttering wings. It swept down closer to the earth, and then a number of people say they distinctly heard the sound of human voices on board the strange craft, and the lights were manipulated from it like ordinary search-lights. A few nights later it reappeared above the city, moving swiftly across the heavens, and taking about twenty minutes for its journey. Professor Dodge was able to trace the outlines of the dark body from which the light emanated, but so indistinctly that he is unable to give any description of it. All that is known definitely about the ship is that it is supposed to be the invention of Dr. E. H. Matthews, of San Francisco. It has been known for some time that Dr. Matthews was working at the problem of aerial navigation on somewhat new lines, but from the outset his work has been veiled in mystery, although from time to time there have been rumours that the inventor was near to or had actually attained very remarkable results. Mr. Hunt, Dr. Matthews' legal representative, has given this description of the vessel: "The strange craft is oval in general outline, with bow cut off abruptly, like a whaleback steamer's. Its length is about three times as great as its width. About the centre on either side are projections like wings, extending straight out and widening, with square-cut ends. They curve upward and outward. At the rear is a similar projection. There is a search-light in the forward end, and another directly under the craft. The idea is not to get the invention patented, but to use it for war purposes." It will be remembered that this notion was foreshadowed in the romance of "A Wicked War," which appeared in the *P.I.P.* at the beginning of 1896.

A Lincoln Industry.—The name of Page Woodcock (says the *Lincoln Leader*) is a household word throughout the civilised world. The tens of thousands of sufferers who have been relieved by his pills will not be uninterested in the processes of their manufacture and distribution, which are effectively carried on in the heart of the city of Lincoln. The annual sale of Page Woodcock's Wind Pills has reached 180,000 boxes.

"A Happy New Year."

THERE'S a greeting that 's old, there 's a greeting that 's dear,
Which will linger till Time has an end;
And pleasantly ever it falls on the ear
From the lips of a stranger or friend.
'Tis a requiem hymn for the Old Year's repose,
And a song for the birth of the New;
'Tis the sunshine of hope o'er the wintry snows—
"A Happy New Year unto you."

To the young and the old it is treasured and dear,
It is hope, it is memory's own;
For the youthful ones think of the joys that are near,
And the old of the joys that have flown.
The weary one smiles as he goes on his ways,
Though he knows that his joys are but few;
Yet a friend's seems the face of the stranger who says,
"A Happy New Year unto you."

It is pleasant to think in the whirl of our day,
When many old customs depart,
That thieving old Time cannot carry away
A few which have root in the heart.
To hear from the lips of the friends whom we meet,
A custom that 's tender and true,
In the old-fashioned greeting familiar and sweet—
"A Happy New Year unto you."

God bless me, how customs have changed since the days
Of sober contentment and mirth;
When the world was contented with old-fashioned ways
And paused to look into their worth.
Now "Free Education" and boons unto men,
With hurrying Change kept in view,
Have turned that old world topsy-turvey since then—
Still it 's "Happy New Year unto you."

Ay, though change strikes at custom, and battles with creed,
With the new and the strange in the van,
Though the bicycle 's taking the place of the steed,
And the woman the place of the man,
Though the motor-car 's rolling its way unto fame,
And Science does all it can do,
Still the lips of affection the greeting can frame
"A Happy New Year, friend, to you!"

KATE BISHOP ("Kay Bee").

LIEUTENANT SEYMOUR VANDELEUR, D.S.O.

TYPE of the brave officer our Queen delights to honour, Lieutenant Seymour Vandeleur (whose portrait we have much pleasure in printing, grace to the courtesy of Mr. J. Thomson) had, shortly before Christmas, the supreme gratification of receiving the coveted Distinguished Service Order from the hands of Her Majesty herself.

This gallant young officer has won renown early in life. Born on July 11, 1869, he was educated at Eton. Thence he passed into the Army. He was gazetted to the Scots Guards in January 1889. In the August of 1894 his services were placed at the disposal of the Foreign Office, with the Commander-in-Chief's approval, for special employment in Uganda, Africa.

Reaching Lake Victoria in the November of that year, young Vandeleur made a short stay in Uganda, but was speedily engaged in Major Cunningham's important expedition against Rabbn Rega. Subsequently he accompanied Major Cunningham down the Nile to Dufileh, where they were the first white men seen since its abandonment.

During the next seven months Lieutenant

LIEUTENANT SEYMOUR VANDELEUR,
HONOURED BY THE QUEEN FOR BRAVERY.
Photo by J. Thomson, 70A, Grosvenor Street, W.

MISS MARY PHILLIMORE,
A RISING YOUNG ACTRESS.
Photo by Alfred Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

Vandeleur served in three expeditions, and was enabled to survey the whole of Northern Unyoro from the course of the Victoria Nile and Lake Ibrahim to the Murchison Falls, and also a part of the Lango or Wakedi country. He was next sent to Southern Unyoro to attack the Arab slavers, and surprised and captured the Arab station at Mivendas with slaves. He accompanied the punitory expeditions to the Nandi country, where West and his followers were murdered.

In November 1896, before the Royal Geographical Society, Lieutenant Vandeleur received a vote of thanks for his paper on two years' experience in Uganda, Unyoro, and the Upper Nile, where he visited localities made famous by Speke, Grant, and Baker, and had explored and mapped a great deal of country previously unknown. His interesting and most valuable lecture was illustrated by sketches and photographs taken by himself.

It was in recognition of his valiant services against the slave-trading Arabs in the Uganda Protectorate on Nov. 3, 1896, that the Queen conferred upon Lieutenant Vandeleur the Distinguished Service Order.

"**How Lucky,**" said Mrs. Nuwed, "that I happened to pass that cigar sale this morning! These cigars are exactly the shade of George's new smoking jacket, and the smart little green bands round them will go with the lining beautifully. Men never think of these little things."

MISS MARY PHILLIMORE.

THIS promising young actress, who had shown considerable ability as an amateur, was unearthed by Miss Cissy Grahame some two years ago. She was immediately given the part of Lady Virginia Forest in "The Gaiety Girl," in one of Miss Grahame's smaller provincial companies, to be followed by her transfer to No. 1 company. After leaving the latter company she understudied in "The New Barmaid" at the Avenue. This was followed by an engagement as understudy at Drury Lane by Mr. John Coleman, under whom she for some time played Kathleen O'Mara with great success. She is engaged as Dandini in the Brighton pantomime "Cinderella" by Mr. Charles Drury. We expect to hear more of this smart, clever young actress in the future.

DAN LENO.

THE ENTERTAINER who has caused, perhaps, a greater amount of laughter than any other living English comic singer—Dan Leno—enjoys the salary of a Prime Minister, and has won the admiration

DAN LENO'S MORNING BATH.
Photo by the Regent Portrait Company, 122, Regent Street, W.

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PROFITS PAID DURING 1896:

Jan. 2	£6 per cent.	July 1	£5 per cent.
Feb. 1	£7 " "	Aug. 1	£5 " "
Mh. 2	£6 " "	Sept. 1	£5 " "
Ap. 1	£6 " "	Oct. 1	£5 " "
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June 1	£5 " "	Dec. 1	£6 " "

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The information contained in this book ought to be known by every married woman, and it will not harm the unmarried to read. No book is written which goes so thoroughly into matters relating to married women. Some may think too much is told. Such can scarcely be the case, for knowledge is power and the means of attaining happiness. The book can be had in envelope from
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In return for a Postal Order for 1s. 2d.

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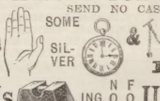

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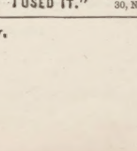

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THE RACING WORLD.

SPORT did not go with quite so much spirit as usual

On Boxing Day.

At Kempton the attendance was only moderate. The attendance at Wolverhampton fell far short of that generally seen; and at Cardiff racing was only just practicable. The Clerk of the Weather was responsible for the falling off. Round London the outlook was miserable in the extreme during the hours in which one would be setting forth for Sunbury.

At Cardiff

part of the course was flooded, and one or two jockeys unlucky enough to fall declared that they were not so much afraid of hurting their bones as of getting drowned. In sober truth there was a certain amount of risk in the latter direction, because if a man fell with his horse on him he might go near to suffocation before relief came. Fortunately, we had no fears of that sort

At Sunbury.

The going was heavy compared to the Park's general condition, but quite satisfactory for the season, wet as it has been of late. Old Father Thames, Kempton's near neighbour, was speeding along at a rare rate with any quantity of land water coming from the uplands. A year or two ago we might have been nervous regarding the fate of Hurst Park's two days set for the Tuesday and Wednesday of the week following Christmas; but the Thames Conservancy are more careful than they were, and a glance at the weirs at Molesey and Sunbury showed that the lockmen had very different orders from those they used to have. Where one "shutter" was drawn three years ago, a whole row were now. If this had not been so we might have had a repetition of the great flood which covered Molesey Hurst to the depth of eight and nine feet in places, and enabled some enterprising locals to row boats over the big jumps. For want of more important matters to deal with I may say a word or two about

Our Home Boxing-Day Meeting.

at which I fancy I caught sight of a *P.I.P.* Artist making believe to take holiday, but with a half-and-half sort of eye to business. You never can catch these artists, while they are always catching you, which I venture to assert is not quite a fair arrangement. Bev Jones, John Porter's cast-off, won the first race on Saturday—a hurdle-race—thanks to capital riding by young Parker. Dissenter, with the Irish amateur, Mr. Gore, up, made a good fight of it, but Bev Jones, whose old jockey, Mr. "Snip" Ripley, was about looking fitter than ever, fairly beat the "Nonconformist" at the finish.

Mr. Arthur Yates has a Knack of Winning

with the least backed of his horses when he runs more than one. He did the same with Melton Constable, who ran right away with the Park Steeplechase, to the dismay of the Soliman division. These backed Florendean like Trojans, intending to put the winnings on the hurdle-racer. Unluckily for them, Florendean was raced out of it by Melton Constable, so they had to make a fresh start with Soliman. He landed them a fine stake, taking the Christmas Hurdle Race very cleverly at the finish.

Captain Bewicke,

his pilot, had a nasty accident—a scrape of the leg against the rails through collision with Spinning Boy. The latter's pilot was reprimanded by the Stewards for causing the damage, but, personally, I do not think he was much to blame.

Soliman,

on whom the Stock Exchange always empties itself, was a lucky purchase by Captain Howard, who bought him for Mr. Higham at a weeding-out sale of Lord Durham's. He has done good service on the flat and over hurdles, and ought to win plenty more races. Talk of excitement in a little contest, you should have seen the Waterloo Steeplechase. Loppy, the favourite, galloped and jumped so badly that 50 to 1 was laid against him by the time the field of three had gone a mile. After all he won!

Mr. Martin Rucker was Lucky Indeed

to get the Twickenham Hurdle Race, for Jack the Dandy was trying to eat the Irish horse Nassac all the way from the last hurdles. Had objection been laid, "the Dandy" must have been disqualified. As it was we all were pleased that so good a sportsman had a turn. So we were to see old Westmeath land the Hampton Steeplechase, well ridden by George Morris, who is in great form in his old county this winter.

On Monday I regretted to get news that my old friend Harry Hall, of Middleham, was dead. Mr. Hall was a remarkably clever trainer and a rare judge of form, who will be greatly missed by the owners for whom he trained. I do not know what they will do without him, for his judgment kept them straight. I mean to say he told them when to bet and when to hold their hands, and his tips seldom went wrong.

Returning to Kempton

on Monday, we again had a fair afternoon after a very indifferent opening. Mr. Yates's second string, Olibanum, beat his first, Esher, and one other—a select party of three for the Sunbury Steeplechase. Crystal Palace, a dreadful outsider, made plungers groan by getting his neck in front of Ronehurst as they passed the post for the Richmond Hurdle Race. Lewes then had a couple of turns, as Swagger easily stalled off a hot favourite, Primate, and landed the Hounslow Steeplechase, and then that capital sportsman, Mr. Frank Haines, took the Kew Hurdle Race by means of Lord Ellesmere's cast-off, Head Lad. The Continental wound up the day's proceedings by absolutely losing his three horses pitted against him for the Kempton Park Steeplechase. In conclusion, let me, in hearty sportsman fashion, wish you one and all a happy and prosperous New Year.

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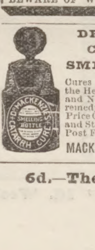

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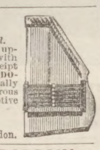

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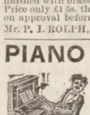

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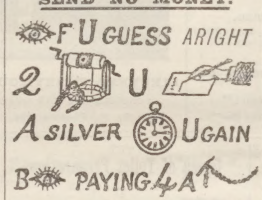

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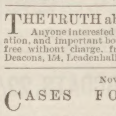

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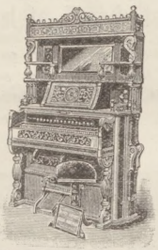

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We will send to any respectable house in England, Ireland, or Scotland, any Instrument selected from our Catalogue, on a Fifteen Days' Free Trial. DON'T BUY till you have seen our Catalogue. WRITE US COLUMBIA PIANO & ORGAN CO., 11, AUCKLAND HOUSE, BASINGHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

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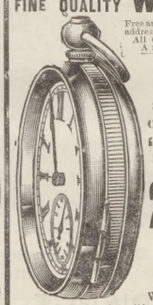

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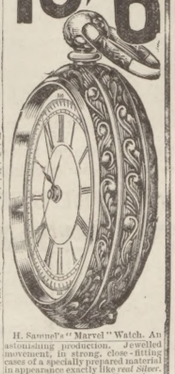

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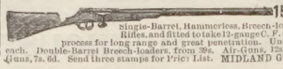
FOR ALL **Bilious & Nervous Disorders** SUCH AS **Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and Female Ailments.**

Annual Sale, SIX MILLION BOXES.

Sold everywhere in boxes 9½d., 13½d. and 2/9 each.



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SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.

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This Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for seven stamps from the

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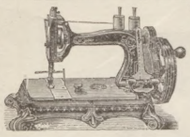

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Call or write for Designs and Samples of Work.

THE 'ATLAS' MACHINE COMPANY, 192, HIGH STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON; 63, Seven Sisters Road, N.; and 14, High Road, Kilburn, N.W.

"MYRTLE GROVE" TOBACCO.

FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE. - - - - SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT.

AT MYRTLE GROVE SIR WALTER RALEIGH WAS SOOTHING HIS MIND WITH THE TOBACCO HE HAD BROUGHT FROM VIRGINIA WHEN HIS IRISH SERVANT THINKING HIS MASTER WAS ON FIRE DASHED WATER OVER HIM?

"MYRTLE GROVE" CIGARETTES.

SWEET. COOL. FRAGRANT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR NAME ON EACH CIGARETTE!

TADDY & CO., Minories, London.

BREAD HOVIS Regd. BISCUITS

PROMOTE DIGESTION.

Bakers recommending other Bread in place of "HOVIS" do so for their own profit. BEWARE!

Purchasers are requested to see that all Bread supplied to them as "Hovis" is stamped "Hovis."

Apply to your Baker or Grocer for "Hovis" Flour for Home use, packed in bags of 3½ lb. and 7 lb.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "Hovis," or if what is supplied as "Hovis" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON AND SON,

MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

6d. or 1s. Samples of Bread and Biscuits on receipt of Stamps.

THE KEY-NOTE OF CREATION—CHANGE!

Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that good shall fall At last—far off—at last, to all.—*TENNYSON.*

Oh! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away.

I never nursed a dear gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.—MOORE.

The Unspeakable Grandeur of the Human Heart,
The drying up of a single tear, has more Honest Fame **than shedding SEAS OF GORE!!!**

What is Ten Thousand Times more Horrible than REVOLUTION or WAR?

OUTRAGED NATURE!

"O world!
O men! What are ye, and our best designs,
That we must work by crime to punish crime,
And slay, as if death had but this one gate."—*Byron.*

"What is Ten Thousand Times more terrible than **Revolution or War?** Outraged Nature. **She kills,** and kills, and is never tired of killing till she has taught man the terrible lesson he is slow to learn—that Nature is only conquered by obeying her. . . . Man has his courtesies in Revolution and War: he spares the woman and child. But Nature is fierce when she is offended. She spares neither **Woman nor Child.** She has no pity, for some awful but most good reason. She is **not** allowed to have any pity. Silently she strikes the sleeping child with as little remorse as she would strike the strong man with the musket or the pickaxe in his hand. Oh! would to God that some man had the pictorial eloquence to put before the Mothers of England the **mass of preventable suffering,** the mass of preventable **agony of mind** which exists in England year after year!"—*Kingsley.*

Former generations perished in venial ignorance of all sanitary laws. When Black Death massacred hundreds of thousands, neither the victims nor their rulers could be accounted responsible for their slaughter.—TIMES.

THE MORAL: NATURE IS ONLY SUBDUED BY OBEDIENCE TO HER LAWS.

PREVENTION.

HUGE BLUNDER.—This age, in many points great and intelligent, spends large sums of money in legal strangling of those who cause their fellows violent death, the result of ignorance and a want of control over the passions, while we *calmly* allow millions to die of, and hundreds of millions to suffer from, various preventable diseases, simply for want of a proper sanitary tribunal. The most ordinary observer must be struck with the huge blunder.

PROSPECTING FOR GOLD IN FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA!
LACK of SANITATION in JOHANNESBURG.
LYDENBURG CAMP, NEAR JOHANNESBURG, TRANSVAAL.
I feel as in duty bound to write and compliment you on the WONDERFUL Effects of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'
IN CLEARING THE BODY OF ALL FOUL SECRETIONS.
I may add that for the last twelve years I have NEVER BEEN WITHOUT IT. I spent four years in
NEW ORLEANS and the WEST INDIES, and, although people
DIE there DAILY of FEVER, YET I ESCAPED.
And I feel sure that it was owing to my
KEEPING MY BLOOD COOL AND MY STOMACH IN ORDER
BY the USE of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'
I came to this country eight years ago, and have lived in my capacity of GOLD PROSPECTOR in some of the
MOST FEVER-STRICKEN parts of AFRICA. Just after the JAMESON RAID
I and five companions volunteered for
SERVICE in MATABILILAND. I, of course, TOOK a GOOD SUPPLY of
ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' with me.
I may say that of my five friends, with the exception of one who was killed,
THE REST were ALL DOWN with FEVER whilst in the FLY COUNTRY.
Never in my life have I felt better, although
FEVER is VERY PREVALENT in JOHANNESBURG, owing to
LACK OF SANITATION or any system of drainage. You are at liberty to make
whatever use you wish of this letter or of my name.—Yours faithfully, TRUTH. (Nov. 16, 1896.)
THE EFFECT of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' in any DISORDERED or FEVERISH
condition is SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.
IT is, in fact, NATURE'S OWN REMEDY, and an UNSURPASSED ONE.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle and see the Capsule is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.' *Without it you have been imposed upon by WORTHLESS Imitations.*

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

TOOTH-ACHE
CURED INSTANTLY BY
BUNTER'S NERVINE
Prevents Decay. Saves Extraction. Sleepless Nights Prevented.
Neuralgic Headache and all Nerve Pains removed by BUNTER'S NERVINE. All Chemists, 1s. 1½d.
A TREATISE on the Cure of Nervous EXHAUSTION in MEN, Loss of Power, and Disease, with testimonials, showing the successful treatment of same, by Messrs. WILKINSON, 4, Fitzalan Square, Sheffield. In envelope, 2 stamps. Enlarged Magic Mirror, Gratis. Should be seen by all.

FITS CURED
From the first dose of **Ozerine** fits cease. It is the only cure for Epilepsy. It has cured thousands when everything else failed. **4s. 11d.**, post free; guarantee given with **1l.** bottle. Money returned if **Ozerine** fails. Free samples **Mr. NICHOLL, Phar. Chem.,** 25, High Street, BELFAST.

TO THE MARRIED
AND THOSE INTENDING TO MARRY
OF BOTH SEXES.
Read carefully my New Book, which treats Every Branch of this Delicate question of Large Families, as commended by an eminent London physician. Send postal order, 1s. 6d., for improved edition, in sealed packet, with distinct address to the Author, Mr. WALLACE DOUSE, Science Lecturer, Kingsley House, Nottingham. An M.P. writes: "Book valuable, reliable, and moral. Poverty banished, comfort in homes secured." Name this paper, please.
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GIGANTIC WINTER SALE
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Remaining Shades of our celebrated "SHOT CHEVIOT" to clear at 4s. 6d. the Full Dress Length. Write for particulars of sale and see our high-class Tweeds, Habit-Cloths, and Serges, at Lowest Sale Prices. Patterns Post Free and need not be returned. All parcels Carriage Paid. Any Length cut.
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The Dress Warehouse,
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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.
CAUTION:—
GENUINE CHLORODYNE.
Each Bottle of this well-known Remedy for
COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, SPASMS, &c., bears on the Government stamp the name of the Inventor,
DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

A Question for Cook!

Go into any kitchen and ask the cook what Corn Flour she uses, and in nine cases out of ten you are sure to be told "Brown and Polson's Patent Brand, as it is the best." Then ask her, has she tried their Paisley Flour, a new preparation of Corn Flour, the use of which is being rapidly extended throughout the country. Experience shows that one part of Paisley Flour added to six to eight parts of ordinary flour, mixed and baked in the usual way, produces a result which is not obtainable when other material is used for raising purposes. It makes bread digestible even when new. Scones and cakes will be better and lighter than usual, and their colour will be greatly improved.
A sample can be had for the asking. Address—Brown and Polson, 99, Queen Victoria Street, London. The article is stocked by all the better class Grocers in the town and district.

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THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
SAUCE IN THE WORLD.
A teaspoonful in your basin of Soup is a marvellous improvement, and with your Chop and Steak it is simply delicious.
SOLD IN BOTTLES, 6d., 1s., and 2s. EACH.
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